TEN CENTS A COPY

MAY 25 1929

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1929 — NUMBER 41

Illustration from "The Kingdom of Lu," by Maurice Magre (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation).

"Hundred Percenters"

THREE PERSONS. By SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL. New York and Montreal: Louis Carrier & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

UNDER the title of "Three Persons" Sir Andrew Macphail, historian of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, has joined studies of three conspicuous figures of the war period, Sir Henry Wilson, Colonel House, and Lawrence of Arabia, as they are revealed in their own writings. Nor is it too much to say, at least as to the sketches of Wilson and House, that they deserve place in any war library alike for the shrewdness of the observation and the devastatingly brilliant phrase, which sets forth what is, after all, at once a clinical and a psychological diagnosis.

Of the three sketches, the first, that of Wilson, must constitute the most impressive indictment of the professional British officer of the traditional type imaginable. Militarily speaking, Wilson was the heir of Braddock. It was men of his cloth and kind who made the American Revolution a success for the rebels. It was "brass hats" of the Wilson type who transformed the fine flame of Canadian loyalty into passionate resentment in the first bitter winter at Shorncliffe. And it is precisely the diary of Sir Henry Wilson, which was more fatal to the soldier of the "old Army," the professional officer, than all the ammunition expended by the Germans on the western front in four years.

A decade and a half after the outbreak of the World War all of us have perceived the change in our own feelings. We have grown cold, and not a little cynical. The more passionately we felt at the moment, the more suspicious we are today, suspicious that our own emotion was no more than a product of propaganda which furnished something to be exploited by those for whom the war was not an in-

(*Continued on page 972*)

Render Therefore Unto Caesar

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

COMPLAINTS of the cruelties of life have often been used for novels purporting to be true to experience. "Moll Flanders"—a great story was built upon the brutalities of transportation for minor crimes and misdemeanors, "Oliver Twist" is, if you please, a tract. But the fiction that has carried protests and grievance into high art, has used poignant situations as a theme for the imagination, not as news and information. Even "An American Tragedy," which used a well-known murder, was written as a study of human nature not as a contribution to the records of crime. Now, both novelists and playwrights are beginning to rest upon fact, and especially sensational scientific fact, and what a librarian should classify as sociology is more and more being labeled as fiction. This is legitimate, of course, yet to follow the trend of recent critical opinion and say that it is better than pure fiction because it is closer to an actual experience is to confuse science and art to the detriment of both.

The mind of the public and the standards of those who direct it have long been ready for some such consummation. The belief that it is the scientific truth in art which gives the final residuum of value was not born yesterday, nor has it ceased growing for a moment since the mid-nineteenth century. Only one of those turn-overs of opinion which mark the end of periods and the beginning of new eras can give it a death-stroke, and such a revolution is near at hand.

Some years ago it was said in this *Review*, without much elaboration of the statement, that the blight upon modern literature was its lack of self-confidence. Since then it has become increasingly evident that an innate sense of inferiority to the great and tangible achievements of pure and applied science has accounted for some of the ills, many of the extravagances, and most of the impudences or evasions of modernism. This inferiority was conscious only in gentler souls, or in those rare spirits close to the secrets of truth and beauty whose intuitions in happier times would have made of them prophets and leaders of the mind. The less sensitive, the lesser artists, have made money from the inhibitions of art. Never has the utilitarianism of literature been more loudly asserted, and never, perhaps, has so much scientific fact (often inaccurate) been worked into literature and given to the public in drama and novel. The novelists, particularly, have grasped every kind of information, from the mystic's apprehension of natural beauty to the internal secretions of the glands, and put it into fiction. And the modern novel has become a genre of great variety and power, a hybrid daughter of science and art, with the efficiency of all mixed races, but sterile, like the mule, and leading nowhere ahead toward a great imaginative art, for which it is probable that we shall have to return again to poetry, which has lagged behind in this world-wide attempt to turn literature into enlightened common sense.

Sub-consciously, if not consciously, three generations have been weighed down by a sense of the illusory character of pure art. They have flinched from it, they have overlaid it, they have made compounds and substitutes, they have sometimes denied it altogether, as they have flinched from or denied or socialized religion. The appalling ugliness of the industrial city is only a symbol of the fact that its inhabitants did not believe in the reality of beauty. The freakish devices of the modernist-artist—whether in words or in paint—to force attention upon the difference of his vision from the vision of other men, is a symptom of the desperate eccentricity of a despised minority. Even so the Christian martyr astonished the barbarians by scourging his flesh with thorns and flying from cities to the wilderness. He had a vision which they would not share.

There were no Elizabethan lyrics in this recent age, content to be lovely, no satires brilliant with the certainty of a Pope that the reason could itself make facts as well as interpret them, no passionate transcripts of pure beauty like Keats's odes, as confident and as elemental as a crystal or a mountain, no dramas like Shakespeare's, where the author goes straight to the heart of character without asking questions of statistics on the way.

Indeed viewed this way, the best known and widest read in modern literature has been one long excuse. The novels of H. G. Wells are sociology put into narrative, the plays of Shaw (before "Joan of Arc") are social ideas dramatized. The poetry of Masefield, at its best, is a transcript of daily life asking credence because it is daily life, though shot through with imagination. The novels of Sinclair Lewis are scientifically exact reporting. The criticism of a Valéry, of a Croce, and, to take a recent instance, of Joseph Wood Krutch, rests upon an implication that since a mechanistic universe is likely to be demonstrated, the artist, to satisfy instincts in himself, probably illusory, must find his sanctions in pure expressiveness, or in the beauty of negation.

And in the books of the experimentalists—Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Hemingway, Dos Passos, the ro-

This Week

"Impressions of Soviet Russia."
Reviewed by NORAH MEADE.

"Nobel: Dynamite and Peace."
Reviewed by ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.

"Art of the Night."
Reviewed by HAZELTON SPENCER.

"Stendhal."
Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

"Downfall."
Reviewed by JOHN CARTER.

"Wolfgang Amade Mozart."
Reviewed by HUBBARD HUTCHINSON.

Eleuthera.
By STELLA BENSON.

"Hello Towns!"
Reviewed by SARA HAARDT.

Next Week, or Later

The Age of Innocence.
By HUGH WALPOLE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manticist O'Neill—the devil is beat around the bush and through shadows where queer things happen *en route*. For these efforts to escape by technical devices from the mechanics of a science which seemed to be turning plays, novels, poems into replicas of "case histories," or making of them mere representations of the typical happenings of an industrialized civilization, are really squirmings and twistings which, with O'Neill, never do escape from the central problem of man and his machine, or, with Joyce, present at the most new ways of studying the commonplace of physical reality, which science has made to seem so important simply because it has been so demonstrably real. The drab and bloated hero of "Ulysses" is not unlike that minor character, the humorist Autolycus of Shakespeare, but he is kept in the spotlight in the modern work because, if behaviorism is to be the prime object of study, then the minutiæ of animalism, best studied in a gross character, become all-important. The "mores" and the diseases of Falstaff, and not his humor, would naturally become the subject of modern literature, which in this respect could rival sociology because the novelist is better equipped to study the behavior of man as an individual than is the cloistered scientist.

Nor have the new humanists—the Babbitts, the Mores, the Eliots, and the many idealists—a happier place. Their names have been much on critical tongues of late because the suspicion that there is more in heaven and earth than behaviorism and the atom has begun to spread. But they have been protestants rather than prophets. Mr. More has rested upon the past, a sound basis, but not broad enough to satisfy those troubled by modern perplexities. It is what Plato would say to Einstein, but not what he may have remarked to Alcibiades, that, at the moment, concerns us. Professor Babbitt has glimpsed the eternalism of form as an entity, but he has been too rhetorical in his arguments. The romanticism he attacks is not the enemy, but only the flying columns of the distraught. There is [illegible] enemy except in men's misconceptions. Science [illegible] he great achievement of the modern world. To [illegible] pse from its energies, to lose, as Mr. Chase and [illegible] Mumford fear, our handful of techn[illegible] trol the complex machines by which [illegible] desert in a body (and this, of course, [illegible] ger), a passionate study of science in order to [illegible] pple with problems more directly concerned with [illegible] moral welfare of mankind, would be to repeat [illegible] experience of the Dark Ages. For there is no better explanation of the decline of the last great civilization than to say that men gradually lost interest in the arts and sciences necessary for the upkeep of civilized life.

* * *

Such a crisis may come, but a nearer one impends, and those who pass through it may find a new esthetic, a new religion, a new criticism, and a new interest in living, without forfeiting those "glorious gains" by which Tennyson seemed chiefly to mean the fruits of the industrial revolution. There need be no destruction of science as in the past. It may be that one more war, or one more turn of the screw that is clamping modern life to its bed of materialism, will quench the fire of research into the properties of things, turn inventors into prophets, and send engineers into what little desert they have left us, to study their souls. But this is probably a bad dream of the discouraged idealist. If there is to be a revolution, it will not come because scientists give up their attempt to subdue the universe but from the modern revelation that beauty, religion, art, are as real as the atom, and as the electron. And that means, not revolution but renaissance.

Our task is not clear but its terms are evident. We need trust no theorizing of science, but must apparently soon accept a demonstrated fact. There are three realities: a sense world of matter which can be used as food, steam, flesh, and blood, but not understood rationally, since under analysis it dissolves to nothing; a shadow world of mathematics where the reality grasped by our senses curves back upon itself in the hypersphere of the universe; and beyond, another reality, equally valid, if equally intangible, from which the intuition draws perceptions of beauty and the idea of God. With the first reality and the second science deals, and there finds and establishes its limit. Beyond, in realities grasped by the consciousness, in the form of a statue, the composition of a picture, the beauty of music, the mystical sense of conciliation with spiritual power, science is as helpless as the mystic who would build a steam engine by intuition or analyze salt by gazing upon his navel. We have Fujiyama or Shasta, which eye can see, scales measure, feet climb; we have a direction of ionic movement, measurable, if at all, by speed of light, which is this same mountain shadowed forth in formulas that grasp what analysis has proved to be, as material, nothing; we have the beauty of the mountain; its soaring, its expressive form of which the imagination makes poems and pictures, creating a something meaningful to the intelligence out of a reality which is neither atomic nor mathematical. The atomic mountain remains for us to tread upon. The shadow mountain, a problem for those who by sheer reason may discover why the eye and touch co-ordinate a reality within the insubstantiality of the universe, remains also; but with them, and of equal validity and of as certain (if not more certain) reality, is that entity of beauty, suggestive in its form, which for a half century we have been regarding, resignedly, reluctantly, or skeptically perhaps, as a function of matter, an illusion, a dream useful to mankind, but not, like the rocks, or light, or a formula, true by any necessity.

* * *

Thus there are, for the moment, not one truth, but three: the truth of the senses, the truth of physics, the truth of intuition. This trinity is in all probability a three-in-one, three manifestations of an indissoluble unity. That is for the future to say. Suffice it for us artists, critics, for the religious, for the idealists, for the lovers of beauty and believers in the spirit as an ultimate force, that the way is open to take up the old problems which Plato pondered, which Aquinas solved so neatly, which Kant and Hegel wrote of, with a new confidence that the laboratory is now the ally of those who seek ultimate reality, not the master into whose doors faith and speculation entered to come out neat formulas of environment + heredity = the soul.

We are, philosophically speaking, in the exciting situation of our arboreal ancestors, who came down from the tree, stretched upward, felt the ground solid beneath their feet, and looked about upon a virgin world. The comparison is more picturesque [illegible] branches were always at hand to grasp when he began to fall through the unreality of mere atmosphere. The long speculative experiment with matter which began with the early Greeks has brought us, not to failure, but to a resounding success. We can control matter if we cannot control ourselves, and we may someday thoroughly understand its cause and all its functions. We know its "statistical probabilities" now, even if we do not know what it is, and we shall know far more of its interrelations with consciousness before the age of scientific creativeness comes to an end. But most of all (and it seems already safe to assume this) we can point to the limits of scientific inquiry, and say that, alone, it will not and never can explain what poetry is, what pigments and cut stone can do to the imagination, what governs, in the last analysis, morality, what is, or what causes, the deep perception of meaningfulness in a physically meaningless universe, in short (for the old terms are best until one gets new ones) the nature of the imagination and the soul.

And, what is of more immediate importance for the practitioner of the arts, it seems to be demonstrable that in his imagination and its work he answers questions that science cannot. He is the only guide to whole realms of truth. In a sonnet may be found what lies beyond the possible capacity of all the social sciences to explain.

* * *

I have no intention in this brief essay to do more than point the influence that this conviction, once firmly grasped, must have upon the arts, philosophy, metaphysics, religion—most of all upon literature. That it will shift our critical opinions and clarify them is evident. The change will first of all be psychological, for of course the dominance of science as the presumptive solver of all human problems has not made more spiritual inquiries to stand still. But that the strongest minds have spent their energies upon the analysis of natural phenomena because in that direction light was always upon the horizon, will scarcely be disputed. Our Miltons have gone in for mathematics, biology, and atomic research.

The motto in pure literature for the future must be "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." This does not mean that our fiction will disburden itself of the exactness of science; on the contrary, it is probable that science will be used more intelligently by fiction, drama, and poetry, once it is fully realized that a novel, a poem, or a play must use all science that is relevant but transcend the scientist's search. A slavery will end, a partnership begin.

Let the measurers look to their laurels.

If Wordsworth writes—

> A slumber did my spirit seal;
> I had no human fears:
> She seem'd a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years.
>
> No motion has she now, no force;
> She neither hears nor sees;
> Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
> With rocks, and stones, and trees—

And Shelley—

> If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
> If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
> A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
>
> The impulse of thy strength, only less free
> Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
> I were as in my boyhood, and could be
>
> The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
> As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
> Scarce seem'd a vision—I would ne'er have striven
>
> As this with thee in prayer in my sore need.
> O! lift me as a wave, a leaf a cloud!
> I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
>
> A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
> One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

Or Shakespeare (I choose purposely passages long familiar)—

> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> [illegible] insubstantial pageant faded,
> [illegible] ack behind. We are such stuff
> [illegible] e made on, and our little life
> [illegible] th a sleep—

The impact of these words, which in their rhythm as well as in their sense carry perceptions of intense reality, must be regarded as of at least equal importance with the reports of the United States Steel Corporation or the investigations into the cause and cure of the hook worm. They have been so regarded of course, but of late, much as the churches have been estimated by the industrialists who govern us.

Indeed, there is a vast body of critical literature discussing every one of the great problems of esthetics, religion, and ultimate truth; but little of it that is modern is confident or convincing. When Roger Bacon recorded his experiments in cipher, when the Arabs made their first brilliant researches in the human body, when Democritus and his fellow Greeks first speculated upon the physical nature of the universe, their discoveries had short shrift or brief development, even when known at all, because men fundamentally believed in different realities. It was not until the earth was felt worthy of analysis that science began its great course. And it is because there has been a canker of skepticism at the root of every modern attempt to establish a reality for the moral, the esthetic, the spiritual worlds, that the best minds in our culture have either given themselves to science, or worked indecisively, leaving speculation upon a reality which was after all only speculative to religious cranks, ignorant and fanatical, or obsessed upholders of an authority from the past which for us had little meaning. Thanks to the sciences of psychology, psychiatry, sociology, and the science in history, we can understand Moses, Plato, Mohammed, Calvin better than ever before. Thanks to the new and seeming demonstration that the realities attributed to them by science were only a part of their reality, we are free to go on to a better understanding, and, if the age favors us, have new Platos (one hesitates before new Calvins and Mohammeds) who will use science as a corrective and eliminant, whence wisdom may begin.

This is a job for young men. And if I were directing a university from which creative intellects were expected to emerge, I should insist first of all, and with an emphasis not to be escaped, that every

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia and the Future

IMPRESSIONS OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By JOHN DEWEY. New York: The New Republic Co. 1929. $1.

Reviewed by NORAH MEADE

DR. DEWEY'S book is largely about Soviet Russia, but it collects his impressions of the "revolutionary world," in which he includes Mexico, Turkey, and China. The writing is both elliptical and condensed, and there is no fore- or afterword to explain his basis of selection, about which those so inclined might reasonably split straws. One feels that he should at some time supply the implied link between the countries he chose for inclusion in this volume. Meantime, one can but attempt to see history with his breadth of vision and his understanding of the spiritual forces that determine its course, and so forge a link, sound or unsound, for one's self.

Dr. Dewey sees Russia undergoing an intellectual revolution, on the success of which must depend the ultimate stability of the political victory already achieved by the Communists. Naturally, he is absorbed by the work in the schools as an expression of the Soviet's aim which he explains as "an enormous psychological experiment in transforming the motives that inspire human conduct."

"Their function," he writes of the schools, "is to create habits, so that people will act co-operatively and collectively as readily as now in capitalistic countries they act individualistically. . . That which distinguishes Soviet schools both from other national systems and from the progressive schools of other countries (with which they have much in common) is precisely the conscious control of every educational procedure by reference to a single and comprehensive social purpose."

The Soviet is determined to eradicate the possibility of any conflict between the principles preached from rostrum or pulpit and the practices essential to material comfort. Every effort is made to link the teaching inside the classroom with the life outside it in factory and field. The pedagogue becomes the partner of the government in its plans for social and industrial development, and these plans have as their ultimate goal a complete integration of daily living. The inspiration of the attempt is not the intellectual theology of Marx, but the vivid faith of Lenin.

"I feel," says Dr. Dewey, "as if for the first time I might have some inkling of what may have been the moving spirit and force of primitive Christianity."

To say, then, that the countries selected by Dr. Dewey as revolutionary are so because, consciously or unconsciously, they are striving toward a new religion—or, despite possible horrified Soviet denial, supplying the transitional stage of an old religion—is to provoke discussion of what religion means. It has been defined as morality applied to a knowledge of God or His prophet, who may be Christ, Mohammed or Buddha, according to one's traditional belief. The Soviets have propounded it as a code of conduct based on man's potentiality for esthetic, altruistic, or spiritual development, according to one's understanding of what a "higher" life connotes. The Russians may fail, probably will fail, to achieve their goal, for the revolutionary passion which has carried them through the horrors of the past twelve years cannot endure indefinitely. But the Communist victory of October, 1917 as surely heralded the end of competitive democracy as the fall of the Bastille sounded the tocsin for the thrones of Europe. That Christian countries should be fighting Communism is evidence of how far they have divorced the realities of their professed religion from their daily practice.

Turkey and Mexico, Dr. Dewey sees as groping blindly almost toward a conviction openly proclaimed by Russia. Each has dethroned the church which heretofore controlled the ideology of the majority of its population, has laicized its education and socialized its schools. Each is bitterly opposing foreign intervention which in the past has been an expression of foreign greed in varying forms. Paradoxically both are becoming national in a world that commercially, if not culturally, has admitted the impossibility of man's living well alone. But each is striving to be scrupulously international within itself in the interests of hitherto downtrodden minorities—as is Russia.

The absence of race and color prejudice is one significant fact common to the psychology of these three nations. The Jews in Turkey have always thriven, because, as Dr. Dewey says, "happy is the minority (in Turkey) that has no Christian nation to protect it." For the first time the Indians in Mexico, eighty per cent of the population, are having their cultural needs considered. In Russia, seventy languages are taught in the schools, because the Soviet is insistent on the cultural independence of the races that make up its heterogeneous political entity. This fact Dr. Dewey sees as one of the greatest assets in Bolshevik propaganda among Asiatic peoples. China, he says, is not a nation in the accepted sense. Like Russia it is heterogeneous. Will it become homogeneous? He cannot say. He sees China waiting with the magnificent patience of the East, opposing the introduction of modern production and distribution, because its mighty social instinct leads it "to wait until the world has reached the point where it will be possible for society to control the industrial revolution instead of being its slave."

Russia is China's neighbor, allied by blood through some of the races that make the U. S. S. R. Russia is "attempting a regulation of social growth" and industrial progress. Will her example or precept affect the former empire on the east? Dr. Dewey is no conscious prophet, and one can but guess at the conclusion he fails to state. The trend

ALFRED NOBEL—A Portrait
From "Nobel: Dynamite and Peace" (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation)

of empire has been ever westward and more materialistic in concept as it moved. When it completes the circle and nears the land that gave Christ birth, perhaps the world will have achieved an economic code of conduct at unity instead of at variance with the spiritual code propounded by Christ. Competition and Christianity are mutually destructive as inspiration for daily behavior. Some may object to the Christian doctrine of brotherly love as the solvent of human problems. But, to borrow two phrases from Paul Rosenfeld, all may hope for a time when "soil, man, and machines would be in relation" and "art would top man's day as a temple dome." At the worst, the Russians are seeking to erect the skeleton for such a structure.

Render Therefore Unto Caesar

(*Continued from previous page*)

student with speculation in his soul and creation in his power should get that scientific training which our race of critical intellects today conspicuously lacks. And I should insist that he should be grounded for further flights (as our scientists are not) upon all that can be learned from the past, not only of literature, but also of ethics, philosophy, and (as a tool) of metaphysics. For no writer upon criticism who cannot keep pace with and interpret the results of modern scientific thinking should be listened to in the next decade. Nor should any scientist ignorant of the vast methodology of speculative thinking built up by men who believed in a reality not dependent upon atoms and formulas, dare to adventure upon the mountain path which our thinking must soon begin to follow. If the philosopher without science is an ignoramus, the scientist without philosophy is likely to prove a babe who believes that the world is the arms that support him.

The Prize-Giver

NOBEL: DYNAMITE AND PEACE. By RAGNAR SOHLMAN AND HENRIK SCHUCK. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

NOT since the death of Alfred Nobel twenty-two years ago, and the pronouncements of his extraordinary will, has there been adequate information obtainable about this inventor of deadly explosives and this promoter of efforts "for the betterment of mankind" among scientists, authors, and workers for peace. This new biography adds documentary information on some phases of his life but leaves other mysteries unsolved. Because of his repugnance to publicity and fragmentary, written evidence, surmises must still supplant facts. How long did Alfred Nobel remain in New York City as a young man? What were his relations with John Ericsson? Such questions are not given adequate answer here, although the biographers discount any close friendship and limit his probable stay to two years. As a volume of reference, the value of the book would be much greater if it had an index; in the appendices, however, are interesting letters and lists of patents upon Nobel's inventions, with the names of the winners of the prizes since 1901, in chemistry, physics, medicine, literature, and the promotion of peace, with the words of the inscription for each award.

* * *

M. Sohlman was an engineer closely associated with Nobel during his later years at San Remo. If we are correct in memory, this young man was chosen by Nobel as one of the executors of his will because, said he, "He has never asked anything of me"—an indication of the horde of charlatans and solicitors who disturbed the confidence of this lonely man. "Originality, vitality, and industry" were traits of Immanuel Nobel and his sons, Ludwig, Robert, and Alfred; they are traced to such
bears as Petrus Olavi Nobelius and Olaus Rudt
The youth of Alfred Nobel was tormented by
quent illnesses and the instability of his father's
tunes; alternate successes and bankruptcy, both in Sweden and Russia, culminating in an explosion when the youngest brother, Emil, lost his life. Extracts from letters by Alfred's mother and fragments of a poem, written by him at eighteen, reveal the devotion of mother and son. He never married—tradition said he loved "a young girl, good and beautiful," who died; he had few women friends, two exceptions being the Baroness Bertha von Suttner and Madame Juliette Adams. To his friends, Nobel showed his humor and cultural interests. "The Eternal Idealist" he was, from his early verses, imitative of Shelley, to his last words of hope and faith in world peace. He was a victim of temperamental gloom and a "defense mechanism." From his first invention of dynamite, in 1863, to that of artificial rubber, in 1893, he met with rebuffs of law suits, fears and threats, delays in financial backing, yet he never lacked courage as "Founder of a New World Industry." Like his father and other men of inventive genius, "he was not always able to draw the line between epoch-making ideas and grotesque impracticabilities." There are side-lights on his associates like Theodor Winkler, Fehrenbach, Alaric Liedbeck (his factory-manager for thirty years), G. H. Becket, and M. Sohlman; evidence is here, also, of the counsel and financial aid given by Alfred Nobel to his brothers, Ludwig and Robert, in the Baku oil wells and naptha factories in Russia. Texts of three wills record the gradual evolution of his plan to leave his fortune, about nine millions, to foster, primarily, world-peace, and to reward the efforts of humanitarian scientists and writers "with idealistic tendency." No effort is made in this biography to discuss the justice of the awards or to define "idealistic" as applied to such diverse winners in literature as Kipling, Yeats, Hamsun, or Anatole France. Sympathetic insight and sincere research are key-notes of this biography which leaves the reader eager to learn yet more of the personality and aspirations, as well as the scientific knowledge, of this man who "was never hardened by money or success or embittered by loneliness."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Nathan's Credo

ART OF THE NIGHT. By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAZELTON SPENCER

FROM Mr. Nathan's latest volume I glean the following articles in the Credo of America's dramatic critic:

That the critic is, or may be, one of the noblest works of God.

That denouncing a destructive critic is comparable to exiling Voltaire and crucifying Jesus.

That to be in hell with Swift, Voltaire, and Nietzsche will be sweeter than to be in the American Academy of Arts and Letters along with Messrs. R. Burton, C. Hamilton, and H. Hagedorn.

That a drama is merely an underwritten novel and a novel merely an overwritten play.

That the "Shaw influence" on American dramatic criticism is a curse.

That comedy is intrinsically impolite.

That the "wise-cracks" of the current American comedy of manners have gone a long way toward "ruining general conversation in the Republic."

That any United States Senator needs only "a red undershirt and a pair of floppy pantaloons" to qualify him for a job with Mr. Albee.

That the French concocters of sex comedy are as innocent "as little boys in long trousers."

That Harry Wagstaff Gribble is a "wit of the first water," if and when compared with the Earl of Rochester.

That the late A. B. Walkeley really preferred Ziegfeld to Ibsen.

That Mrs. Fiske's humorous performance of Mrs. Alving was like playing Bach on a saw.

That Galsworthy's "The Mob," when actually staged, defeats its author's purpose by rousing patriotic emotions.

That expressionistic scenery looks like a waffle-iron.

That "one can't judge the movies by Podunk any more than one can judge literature by Boston."

That whereas Shaw is metaphysically sadistic, Pirandello is metaphysically masochistic.

That instead of being the least sentimental of Barrie's plays, "What Every Woman Knows" is the chief monument of the author's worst vice.

That George M. Cohan has been the most powerful influence on recent American drama.

That there is no writer in America who can smear his pages with "more beautifully appalling realism" than Jim Tully.

That "not one thing written of the drama of Shakespeare in the last twenty years contains anything seriously to interest the student who knows the Shakespearean criticism of earlier years."

In fine, Mr. Nathan can believe anything—if it suits his purpose. What an appallingly bad critic he would be if he did not happen to be endowed with rather fine tastes. Like Falstaff, Mr. Nathan seems to know the true prince—by instinct. He delights in arriving at virtuous conclusions by perversely circuitous ways; it is the latter that make him so readable. What would be left of "The Last of the Mohicans" if Cora and Alice had stuck with the troops instead of gallivanting through the forest?

"Hundred Percenters"

(*Continued from page* 969)

vitation to the supreme sacrifice in a noble cause, but an opportunity to serve personal ends by sordid traffic and intrigue.

And Sir Henry Wilson is the ultimate example of the exploitation. In the cheap and familiar argot, "the common jargon of the uneducated professional soldier," he first reduced patriotism to the level of prostitution and then acted as one engaged in that trade. Remorselessly Sir Andrew exposes him as the strategist who committed his country to participation in the notorious Plan XVII, which almost lost the war in the first six weeks; as the soldier who commanded an army corps just long enough to lose Vimy Ridge, as the adventurer who blackmailed his government at home and betrayed it abroad in the Supreme Council, where, an American, who was there, has described him as an "arrogant bootlicker." Thus he rose from Major General to Field Marshal.

Last of all Wilson became a politician, he entered Parliament to carry forward the Irish struggle, which for him as an Irishman was the main business in life at all times and under all circumstances. His diary was published and he was betrayed. But more than Wilson was betrayed,—what Montague in "Disenchantment" describes as the eventual conviction of the volunteers of the first Kitchener armies, is discovered to have been exact.

Ultimately, as everyone knows, Wilson was assassinated by Irish gunmen, in his own doorway and, as Sir Andrew writes, in this emergency:

> he hesitated for a moment, did the wrong thing, and was lost. . . . Sir Henry was entering his house. He was fired upon. He turned and drew his sword. It was a courageous but a fatal gesture. He had not engrained into his nature that swords are obsolete, that flesh and blood will not endure fire. He had not by bodily presence learned the lesson of Loos and the trenches.

But the similar blunder of other Wilsons sent the youth of Britain to the shambles of the Somme and Paschaendale.

This supreme blunder, however made him a martyr, as his earlier blunder, which had lost Vimy, had made possible his attainment of the baton of a field marshal. Such is the paradox of all things Irish, had his assassins permitted him to exist, he would have become as fatal to his cause in Parliament as Ludendorff had been to his kind in German politics. Living, he would have been buried in Westminster, but murdered he rests in St. Paul's, the man who lost Vimy, beside those who won Trafalgar and Waterloo!

With Colonel House Sir Andrew is inevitably gentler, he cannot help liking the Texas Talleyrand, no one could. When Mark Twain wrote a Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur, the very title tickled, but the Texan Colonel at the Courts of George V and William III was, in itself, a spectacle infinitely more ridiculous. The little gray, quiet man, taking ship before the war, all alone, at once more than all ambassadors and less than nothing officially, literally undertaking to tell the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe, "where they got off," and doing it, without exciting a laugh on either side of the Atlantic, viewed in cold blood and at this distance, the thing is incredible!

Clemenceau once said to me, having just talked with President Harding, "He is a kindly man, would suffer if he hurt anyone's feelings, and doesn't know anything about Europe—but, my God, neither did Mr. Wilson." But House knew less. He saw the World War, on his first excursion after the outbreak, precisely as the opportunity for Mr. Wilson to lead the world to peace, to become immortal, while Europe received the small change of tranquility.

The trouble with House and with Wilson behind him, Sir Andrew sees it with unique clarity and expounds it brilliantly, lay precisely in the fact that they belonged to a country, which by design of its founders was incapable of foreign action. The peculiar curse of Mr. Wilson was that he believed the tradition and the instinct which imposed neutrality to be not only right politically but sound morally. The true Wilson, in the noblest sense of his phrase, was "too proud to fight," but not strong enough in his faith to hold out.

Sir Andrew's comment on the "great Adventure," his approach to the president through his agent, deserves to be set beside Winston Churchill's discussion of the same subject. Both are equally admirable correctives for the Bowdlerized and Bakerized Wilsonianism, which still largely survives on this side of the Atlantic. Because he is a Canadian, who "did" the war from start to finish, Sir Andrew knows the European mood better than any citizen of the United States, but because, being a Canadian, he is also an American, he understands us better than any European can. He sees that we drifted into a war without the spiritual fire to lead and sustain us, that we had to improvise a moral justification, that we failed at it and that the failure explains so much then and since.

In mid-channel Mr. Wilson changed faiths, he had believed that it was his mission to keep us out of war and in that faith he appealed to the American people, who re-elected him. A few weeks later he took us into the war "to make the world safe for democracy." He knew, writes Sir Andrew,

> he had done wrong to himself. And he sought for approval of the wrong he had done. That torment of conscience was the cause of his truculence at Versailles. Only by a League of Nations to end all war would he be justified, and when his own country refused him that absolution, the end came.

Sir Andrew's Lawrence I find less satisfying and perhaps for the irrelevant reason that I knew Lawrence a little. In the Paris Conference days Frank N. Doubleday deputed me to ask him for a manuscript and presently I transmitted a few pages of Lawrence, as dull and lifeless, as meaningless as any I have ever seen. He dined with me later and the discussion resolved itself into a justification on his part of using the American press to support a propaganda designed to turn American opinion away from France and thus gain Syria for Feisal despite the Sykes-Picot Treaty.

But, oddly enough, although he claims Galway as a birthplace and Wales was the home of his family, Lawrence always seemed to me the most English, or shall I say the most Oxford, thing I have ever seen. I saw him several times with Feisal and always, each seemed to disclose the identical attitude of superiority, which the desert and the Sea have bestowed upon the Arab and the Englishman. "Niggers begin at Calais," Lord Robert Cecil is reported to have said, but with Lawrence Englishmen began again beyond the Gulf of Alexandretta.

Moreover, what was most notable about Lawrence was that then, and always thereafter, he never was anything but himself and this fact alone satisfied everybody that he was trying to be something else. Because the manner of Balliol produced the results of Babbitt no one could believe that he was English, the very quintessence of the English, so they translated him and missed him. For it is precisely by being English, that the English have always deceived everybody else, without ever stooping to deceit. And it is this detail in Lawrence, which escaped Sir Andrew, because he is a Canadian and therefore a Colonial, as it escapes and disturbs all of us English-speaking but non-English "lesser breeds."

"Anything can be defined, nothing can be explained, least of all a man," writes Sir Andrew, a little oracularly. But is this quite true? Between Lawrence of Arabia and Curzon of Kedlestone, the distance is not really so great. Both were, after all "Hundred Percenters." The one in Arabia, the other in India, was fascinated by something he identified as English. But since no one can quite believe in the existence of a "Hundred Percenter" the world misunderstood both and accused each of putting on, what was the very essence of his being. Thus, by being authentically themselves, both completely deceived everyone, for whom, as true Englishmen, they had only instinctive contempt.

"Yes," Lawrence once explained to me, when I pressed him for the truth of a legend of his shooting an Arab, "I did shoot him, he sat on a wagon-tongue and insisted upon shooting at me. But it was a mistake, because, as I found out afterward, before I fired, he had used his last cartridge." That is what I mean by a "Hundred Percenter," and, each in his own way, Sir Andrew's "persons," the Irishman, the Yankee, and the Englishman were "Hundred Percenters." All three proved in their own persons that the impossible was demonstrably possible.

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of The Saturday Review *and have seemed to us worthy of especial recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not always get the recognition which we believe they deserve.*

★STONE DAUGHERTY. By JOHN P. FORT. Dodd, Mead. A vivid realistic story of the old frontier.

★NELLIE BLOOM. By MARGERY LATIMER. J. H. Sears & Co. Grim and powerful short stories.

★SKIPPY. By PERCY CROSBY. Putnam's. The story of a boy's life in the rapidly vanishing small town. Written for his parents, humorous and true.

★THE INNOCENT VOYAGE. By RICHARD HUGHES. Harper's. A poetic, witty account of adventures seen through children's eyes, but not written for children.

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 5. No. 41.

Copyright, 1929, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stendhal Riddle

STENDHAL. By PAUL HAZARD. Translated from the French by Eleanor Hard. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

"STENDHAL" by Paul Hazard may be recommended to anyone looking for an amusing and interesting biography. This recommendation can be made safely for two reasons; first, because its subject, Stendhal-Beyle, is one of the most complicated and fascinating figures in the nineteenth century and secondly because its author, Professor Paul Hazard, recognized as one of the most distinguished French literary historians, here proves himself also one of France's most accomplished, humane, and humorous men of letters.

The great Goethe has said in one of his epigrams that it was regrettable that nature had made only one man of him, since there was material in plenty for a rogue and a gentleman. Stendhal, who was inordinately curious in such matters of psychology, was also strangely naive about himself. He lacked Goethe's talent for self analysis and seems never to have recognized that in his own case, nature might have used the materials that were so oddly compacted in him for the creation of an entire gallery of characters. There was the Spanish grandee and the democratic radical; the cynical materialist who read Helvetius and the tenderly sighing lover; the cavalry officer of the Sixth Dragoons, devoted to Napoleon (particularly after such devotion was demonstrably useless), and the man of the world to whom politics and war were nonsense any way and a weariness of the flesh. To be one's self while becoming some one you had never been before called for much ingenuity and some ingenuousness. Stendhal had both and tried to cover them up with bitter sophistries and dashes of devil-may-care. It was this that made him the first of the "sophisticates." One must learn to take a retreat from Moscow like a glass of lemonade and the burning of that Russian Capital was really an interesting bonfire, ruined only by the plebeian character of the audience. These diverse elements repel and stand each other off but rush in to take possession of him by turns while Stendhal unconsciously adds humor to the situation by remaining complacently or woefully himself in each of these contradictory metamorphoses. That is why he is really the Humpty Dumpty of romanticism. This is the story, therefore, of a many-faceted life in that period of social distintegration following the French Revolution.

There has been much misunderstanding of Stendhal on the part of professional scholars and research workers. Usually he is too many for them. They try to reduce him to one. They see in him either a cold, calculating realist or a dyed in the wool democrat, or an aristocrat born out of his due time; or, like Baron Seillière, they see in him the very devil himself of that witches' sabbath of Romanticism. Nowhere is that caution of the Frenchman more needed that in dealing with him. In original research you must be careful or you will find what you are looking for. The central difficulty of Stendhal was not unlike that which later egoists have experienced. It was necessary at one and the same time both to be one's self and to make a proper impression. This was enough to give any sensitive soul a grievance against an unfeeling and an unjust world.

The commonest view, "the Stendhal legend" as M. Hazard calls it, is that which makes him solely a withering cynic. This was the impression he created in the Paris salons after his expulsion from Milan. In those years he was boon with Merimée. "Who is that bad little boy with the pug nose and the naughty eye?" Stendhal had asked, the first time he saw the author of Carmen. And, "Who is that fat little man with black sideburns and a head like an Italian butcher?" asked Merimée almost at the same moment. They spent their time vieing with each other in the home brewing of acidulous epigrams, and yet it was, in Stendhal's case at least, according to M. Hazard, largely a defence reaction. He had been driven to it by a cruel world. There were and always had been soft spots in him, but he did not wish to be hurt any more or to have anyone suspect that he ever had been, even though he was probably still wearing those same fatal suspenders upon which he had, in exaltation, inscribed the day and the hour when the once divine but now demonstrably faithless Angela Pietragrua had promised to be his.

It is perhaps the attitude he takes in this period that is responsible for his increasing vogue among modernist readers. His boutades of that time seem strangely contemporary. "My God! What a dreary century we live in, and how it sweats and reeks of boredom." It sounds like the American Mercury.

But this cynical Parisian bravado had to end and M. Hazard tells us how Beyle took the long sad road into exile as consul at that dismal little town Civita Vecchia. As consul in a Catholic land, Beyle creates a scene of opera bouffe with patches of almost cloying sugary sweetness. One day walking above the Lago di Albano he stopped and traced some letters in the dust of the lonely road. They were the initials of the women he had loved, and yet even as he stood there rueful, a gusty wind swooped down and effaced them. Dust and ashes! In one respect he was like Goethe. He obtained relief by writing. When he approached his fiftieth birthday, it all became very sad. He sat down near the Coliseum and wept. To ease himself he inscribes upon the belt of his trousers in a cryptic short hand so that his laundress should not be able to decipher it, that he had now lived half a century. His days of love were over.

Age was coming on. He was ill, but tried to bluff that also and had said, "I have hidden my illness well. I see nothing ridiculous in dying on the street if you don't do it deliberately." The trouble was that you could not forfend the inevitable even with Stoic epigrams and his prophetic soul, alas, was right. Fate was against him and he was to suffer a stroke and fall in apoplexy just outside the door of the ministry of Foreign Affairs— of all places— in the Rue Neuve des Capucines.

M. Hazard's book does not read like a work of scholarship. There is no dull page in it. It is of course authentic, but it is a story rich in such human interest. He is quietly, perhaps now and then with his tongue in his cheek, putting this poor Humpty Dumpty, with all his touches of pretense and sourness and humor and pathos, together again. Stendhal who had analysed himself as he did his characters, asked at the close of his life, "What sort of a person have I been?" and was compelled to answer, "I shall never know." With his many personalities, he was baffling even to himself. Professor Hazard's unpretentious volume will amuse anyone interested in the riddle of life and will help make Stendhal intelligible to those who are content not to force him into any one all-inclusive formula.

Bad Boy. Model 1929

DOWNFALL. By HAROLD W. BRECHT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

THIS story of a "Bad Boy, Model 1929" just misses being a really important book. It is written with sympathy, insight, pity, and restraint and shows expert knowledge of the subject of the American high school sheik. Malcolm Campbell, the central character, is shown to be an essentially courageous, loyal, and spunky lad, who gets twisted by unjust parental punishment, bad advice, and false standards into a four-flusher, a sneak, and a moral coward. In the end, he comes a cropper, is caught trying to cheat in his algebra examination at Spring City High School, and is brought face to face with himself by Miss Sturges, his homely, enthusiastic teacher, who sets him a new code: "Not to be selfish; not to lie. To do your duty honorably and well. To be the best that's in you."

It is just this slightly moral tendency which robs the book of some of its force. Not that Mr. Brecht ever preaches or ever loses his moral perspective. Just the same, his bad boy is just a little too far on the bad side and the story just a little too much of a parable to be intellectually satisfactory. If Malcolm Campbell had been a little less bad and if his fate had been a little less exemplary, the result would have been a more convincingly objective work of art.

The scene is laid in a small inland American city. Malcolm got into trouble by not "telling on" his friend. He was suspended from school. "His father had condemned him unheard, had whipped him without giving him a chance to explain." When Malcolm took from his mother's purse the money he had been promised for mowing the lawn, he was called a thief and packed off to Mr. Gotwals' farm in the country. The object was to cure him by discipline and hard work. The formula might have worked had it not been for Dick Cain, the hired man, who was engaged to marry Kitty Gotwals, and who told him "what you want to learn, Hairbreath, is how to give in without giving in . . . kid 'em along." Malcolm learned to "kid 'em along" pretty successfully, was returned to his home, and went on up to High School.

Spring City High School is an example of what secondary schools in the gin age are becoming. Fraternities, necking, seduction, and aping of the "collegiate" ideal made it a lively specimen of false standards combined with original sin—which isn't so original, at that. Malcolm, by dint of assiduous practice, developed into a good baseball pitcher. He became the school hero. He seduced Charlotte Calhoun. He drank and smoked and gambled. But success went to his head. He disobeyed the coach's orders in an important game (which he won), told the coach to go to hell, was dropped from the team and generally ostracized. He flunked his examinations for the second successive year, despite frantic efforts to obtain by cheating what he had lost by neglect. He was detected and lectured. "You thought you would get out of doing it," he was told, "get around your job in some clever way. Now you must take the consequences." He does.

As observed, the downfall of Malcolm ("Hump") Campbell is just a shade too inevitable, the conclusion too pat to render "Downfall" altogether satisfactory. Mr. Brecht writes with intimate knowledge of his subject and while what he says of high schools will be vigorously contested by the righteous, there is painfully little doubt but that it is substantially true. As a result, his book has a sociological value over and beyond its literary merits and demerits. By all tokens, it will either be avoided like the plague or will provoke a storm of indignant criticism and rebuttal. Mr. Brecht seems almost to have written with controversy in mind; one hopes, for his sake, that if he is engaged in high school teaching himself, he has written under a pseudonym, for if he has not, he will find himself without a job when school closes this year, or else we [illegible] know the psychology of the average School Bo[illegible]

The Evolution of a Geni[illegible]

WOLFGANG AMADE MOZART. By DYNELEY HUSSEY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by HUBBARD HUTCHINSON

IT is a great pity that Mr. Hussey's Life of Mozart could not have been subjected to some process of inversion such as Alice found so bewildering when stepping through the looking glass, thus bringing its conclusion first; so clearly, with such penetration and brilliance, does he in his final chapter discuss the composer's art in the rich matrix of general esthetic principles. One is tempted to review the book backward, conveying Mozart from his death in 1791 to his birth in 1756, from the tragic dissolution of the man whose bitterness never soiled his music, to the triumphal journeys of the child prodigy whose precocity never cheapened it. But this, out of deference to that familiarity with crescendo which doubtless made Mr. Hussey reserve his best chapter to the last, we can scarcely do.

He offers a detailed scholarly presentation of a genius's development in all the forms of his craft. For example, he shows how Mozart combined the Italian and German influences he found in opera and led them to the enchanted fusion, wholly Mozartian, of "The Magic Flute." "We may be said to stand here on the threshold of German music-drama where declamation merges naturally with melody," and which ushered in Wagner.

More important than specific analysis, however, is his relation of Mozart's genius to the historical, social, and artistic tendencies of the time in which it worked, and his nice discrimination of those tendencies. It might almost be said that the more general his matter, the more interesting his observations —which indexes his insight as a musicologist of the first rank.

The biographer's method has been to deal with Mozart's life and output side by side, keeping to chronological order. We see the boy wonder dragged from Paris to Rome by an ambitious father who "saw in the lad nothing more than a precocious talent, to be exploited before he grew up." One cannot blame Leopold Mozart too much, perhaps, since Mr. Hussey shows Wolfgang's youthful composition for what they are; juvenilia that nowhere

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—not even in the recently revived Bastien et Bastienne—show the slightest sign of the towering talent which was to develop. We see the adolescent genius. We are conveyed through young manhood to death at thirty-six, and led deeply into analysis of the music so incredibly poured forth.

It is a good method, but it is only, it seems to me, half successful. In his preface Mr. Hussey says "I have tried to present Mozart and those who came in contact with him as living characters." This, it is to be feared, he has not done. The book is a theme and variations, *andante studioso*, upon the music of Mozart. Here and there brief *intermezzi* occur, flashes of the man himself. A child in blue velvet embraced by the Princess Amalie among adoring courtiers; a vivid youthful scrawl from a lad in Rome to his sister at home in Salzburg; a vitalizing glimpse of a young man whose letter to his father explains with excessive frankness and great dignity why he wants to marry. But, on the whole, the man is lost among the manuscripts. The reviewer would have to be more familiar than he is with the abundant literature—the works of Abert, Schiedmair, and Schurig—to estimate what fresh material Mr. Hussey brings to the portrait of Mozart's character. He seems a little at pains to strew figleaves over the nakedness exposed in the Schurig biography by carefully explaining the composer's epistolary bawdiness in terms of the pungent eighteenth century to which it was no exception. He devotes some good paragraphs to Mozart's relations with his cousin, his wife, and his father. But whatever of revaluation he brings, the result is static. He does not animate for us a character certainly brilliant and mordant enough to move with its own life.

It will be seen by this time that Mr. Hussey's book must be of more interest to those concerned with how a genius developed the facets of his technique, than to those seeking a vivid portrait of a vivid man. We see the composer experimenting with concerted airs and exploring the capacities of the newly invented clarinet. We are given splendid estimates of the result. But we see a mind at work, not a man. We trace the development from the "baroque" style of Italian tradition to the harrowing power of the Requiem Mass, but we seldom follow the bitter, gay, generous, music intoxicated person. Wolfgang Amade Mozart remains to the end a great name, not a great and tragic human being. And perhaps the two things cannot be handled in one volume. Perhaps it is demanding too much of a book so rich in musical scholarship to insist that it cover as well a vital portrait.

Eleuthera

By Stella Benson

WHEN I listen in a silence now, I can pretend to myself that I can hear Eleuthera's spirit—"a sperrit nobuddy never see," say the negroes, "a sperrit come outa tha watter . . .," a deep note, *o-o-oong o-o-oong*, a call for solitude. Well, spellweaver, there is your solitude for you; in so far as I disturbed it, I am now withdrawn. To Nassau, full of drunk Americans—to New York, full of Americans drunk and sober—to London full of everybody in the world, drunk and sober, dead and alive, ghosts and stockbrokers, I am withdrawn, while the noises of arguments for going back to Eleuthera sound less and less logically clear. There *are* good arguments—excellent reasons why we should all go to Eleuthera. But better than any argument there is the spell, the special haunting folly of the island air.

That spell of exquisiteness is, after all, in spite of its frail unreason, the truest asset of any island. Yes, stone is a heavy, unmistakable thing, certainly, and so are the rock-ploughs that carve it out of the island quarries, and so will be the bungalows that will encase in stone future lovers of the island; the new roads are vital, leaping things weaving between one village and another, waiting for their shuttle motor buses; the harbor is a thing that is certainly there, pinned down with useful buoys, riveted with piers and dredgers. Certainly Messrs Faith, Hope, and Charity, Ltd., can count their blessings one by one, and use at least two hands doing it—Faith, confident in what is achieved, Hope inspired by what will be achieved, and Charity gentle to the jealousies and pettiness and indolence that stand as obstacles in the way of all achievement in the West Indies—and possibly elsewhere. For this spell is a West Indian spell, reaching all the way from the Bahamas, from Eleuthera—an island that no one ever noticed until Messrs. Faith, Hope, and Charity, saw all the solid assets, moved a mountain or two, and rechristened themselves Hatchet Bay Limited.

But for all their faith and their hope and their charity, it seems to me that there is something missed if they count their blessings one by one and fail to count just one day and another day, and all the still hours among lily-lined sand-dunes and all the whispering minutes beside little green waves,—all the vague and exquisite wastes of time that furnish Eleuthera's air.

* * *

Take waking up in the morning, for instance—only you can't take it. It is lost as soon as thought of. What is there to hold, alas, in the spell of waking up in a little house like a ship, filled with the brittle chatter of lake ripples all round? . . . For the house, on a rock only forty feet square, swims in a dilution of sunlight and sea-light in the middle of Hatchet Bay. Especially in the mornings does that house swing suspended in light, and to remember those wakings is a holding of the breath of memory. All the grown-up assets—new village—new store—new pier—new cut—new roads—are streaked and spotted about the floating house's skyline, but the spell of exquisiteness—an asset for gods or ghosts or you or me to put faith in, lives in the house, and goes out with you or me wherever we go all day and comes home with us at night.

The new sparkling white village of Hatchet Bay sits in one simple row on a curved rise on Eleuthera's edge. You go to it in a boat from the house—a boat that flies above fishes—ploughs between skittering panics of little fishes. And there is the new village—a store—an office—some clotheslines—a petrol-pump—half a dozen bungalows lived in by real people. If I were Messrs. Faith, Hope, and Charity, Ltd., I should indeed be proud of having added a new white village, full of real people, to the British Empire, but if I were myself and had created Hatchet Bay, I should be much prouder of having found *the* perfect game to play, the most enchanting pretence—of having deceived real flesh-and-bone people into taking part in my game, into coming to live in my bungalows, and parking their real Ford cars in my toy street. For the game is real enough for real people—that's why it's such a good game—the roofs withstand the rare winds, the goods in the store can be paid for and eaten, the drinks in the bar can make all thirsty niggers as drunk as they like on pay-night—exactly as if real people, instead of Faith or Hope or Charity or I, had made them all. I suppose Messers F., H., & C. now that they call themselves Hatchet Bay Limited, feel quite real and grown-up about it all, since they spend and reap real money. But to me it would be as if, a quarter of a century ago, grown-ups had accepted as a Practical Proposition a harbor I had dug in wet sand on the edge of a pool—or a town I had built for my chessmen out of wooden bricks. . . .

To carry us now from the new village, the spell would have to take wheels, of course, in the prosaic shape of a Ford. But after all, a spell must take either wheels or wings, and we on wheels can almost enjoy wings. For the bush is moving with wings and streaking, headlong escapes—little yellow-barred birds—little blue-barred birds—big birds with absurdly flattened beaks as though they were forever colliding with their reflections—blue and scarlet and golden butterflies—spinning locusts—springing lizards in bloomy-gray or grass-green. And we, in a veteran Ford with wheels wistfully oval with age, spend most of our time in the air too. If we don't like that, we can enchant the horse, Tomato, into our service, and lollop softly along sanded trails.

Shores of all textures bind our island round—a shore made entirely of shells, a shore of rock, a shore of flawless sand. The shore made of shells is good for lying on—lying with eyes so close to the ground that sometimes a dozen shells or so catch on an eyelash. . . . For any lazy handful—fingerful—eyelash-full—is a store of jewels, ivories, trumpets, rose petals, cornucopias—all perfect and all so small that they cling in the wrinkles of a hand like pollen. But a shore made of pure sand is better for bathing; one must admit that the shapes of tiny sharp-carven shells are more satisfying to have printed on the sight than on the bare foot. The shore of sand only flowers rarely in big pink or golden shells, or pale graven sand-dollars, or yellow or purple sea fans and coral branches—all sown in silver furrows by a serenely careless, garden-making sea. There are palms that shade that shore, and when you leave the shade and swim, you can see little slim fishes flashing like busy needles through the green, silken water in the sun. And you can watch under the gaudy, clear water your ghostly green legs waving in slow Mordkin leaps above the fluted sand.

But the shore made of rock is to me the strongest charm. On the Atlantic shore of Eleuthera the rocks go sloping down to slip out of sight under the smooth green rollers. On a fine day the Atlantic waves come in from a long way out, tall, polished, foamless, in perfect blue ridges with green shadows—none of your vulgar spray or fuss until—bending further and further and further over, to form the ideal, the perfect cylinder, they overreach themselves and break, shattered and clamorous at last, with a sound like gongs. The rocky shore is pitted with circular gardened pools, each with a mossy, gay, coral rock in the middle, and each connected with the sea by a thin, wriggling channel. It is an odd thing that every tiny, tiger-striped fish in these pools, in spite of his youth and his silly look, has always worked out his line of escape, and if so much as your shadow touches his pool, he makes straight for the loophole—never loses his head or bumps his nose as you or I might. Even if we devilishly stop up the channel of escape with stones, the fishlet will, without hesitation, jump out of the water on to dry rock as near to the emergency exit as he can, always on the sea side of the pool, and, with a few deft wriggles, reinsert himself into the channel below the obstruction. And so he pricks through danger into the large safety of the sea—a sanctuary so much too large and lost for so small and exquisite a fugitive. As we move from pool to pool, the longlegged crabs—each thinking himself the only object of your attention, skitter down the rock slopes, scatter-splash into the nearest wave. But sometimes—for even a blue crab is fallible—they start too late, and then, like the striped fish, the crab keeps his head. With a quick swivel of his stalked eyes, he selects a rock-pimple (always much too small to hide him) and curtseys absurdly behind it, watching you with a cold eye sparkling above the tense, quivering claw which he holds over his face—exactly like a baby playing hide and seek. It is good manners to pretend not to see the crab or the baby, in these circumstances. One crab was asleep in the sun; if a crab could nod drowsily in the sunlight, nodding it was. I crept up behind it and gave it a derisive tap on its horny behind. "Golly!"—it cried—it shot into the air—its claws got entangled—it fell over two or three of its feet—its eyes squinted so that the stalks were almost knotted—it reeled away in the wrong direction, trying vainly to collect its self-respect, sweating at every chink in its armor. Unfortunately for its dignity there was another crab looking—a crimson hero, who knew exactly how to tackle us. When we lifted the branch of coral that sheltered it in a pool it instantly flew at us—a little, claret-colored David taking arms against an outsize Goliath with no Israelites to back it up or show off before.

What an enchantment of wasted time. . . . Days wasted exquisitely and evenings spent lying on the pier of the house on the rock—evenings lit by a plum-blue afterglow, lit by far lightning springing from turret to turret of cloud, lit by the swimming moon, lit by the glassy light buried in the still striped harbor. And the unknown thing—the sea-serpent—the spirit that nobody ever saw—moves with its sombre, low moan, slowly across the harbor —*o-o-oong o-o-oong* . . . the disturbed spirit of the violated lake, crying for solitude again.

Small Town

HELLO TOWNS! By Sherwood Anderson. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by Sara Haardt

WHEN the impulse came to him to settle down in the country, says Mr. Anderson, he was riding on a country road, in the Southwestern Virginia hills. He had just come out of a charming little upland valley where there was room for one farm, and immediately, with an exhilarating sense of magnificence, he proposed to buy that farm. It was the Fall of the year, and the country was swimming in color: he had always been excited by color. . . . Superficially this has the effect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of supreme casualness, a happy accident hanging upon nothing more explicit than the flare of maples along a hill. But actually his impulse sprang from a more immanent source: he confesses, indeed, that something has always drawn him South.

To a man like myself—that is to say the artist type of man living in America—there is something tremendously provocative in the American South, in all the life of the South. The South is to me not just a place—it is an idea—a background. Laughter perhaps—leisure—a kind of warm joy in living.

Some twenty miles away was the small town of Marion. After a while he began going down there, standing about the stores and the streets. The silence of his farm was too complete, he wanted something to do that would take his mind off himself, he wanted a place in the community in close relationship with its people. So, he bought the two local weekly newspapers, one Democratic and the other Republican, and became the town editor. Later, for convenience sake, he moved into Marion and lived directly over his shop. There he could lie in the night and hear his presses humming with a vibration that shook the whole building. The writing on his papers was hurried and persistent, for even on a weekly the time for going to press came all too quickly. Yet, it was not a question of gathering news. There were a thousand tales in Marion as in all towns, particularly all Southern towns. The problem was where to begin.

This volume is a kind of anthology of Southern small town life, a compilation from the Marion *Democrat* and the Smith County *News* of the events—the tragedies and the comedies and the seasons—that stirred Marion during the past year. It contains a great deal of uninteresting, unresolved material; often the items are mere jottings of names, or belabored accounts of trivialities. Yet his book has a solid interest, and for a solid reason: he has caught, in momentous flashes, in deft, off-hand reporting, the peculiar romanticism of Southern small town life. Indubitably something had drawn him South, something he had felt since boyhood, in the reading of "Huckleberry Finn" or the talk of his father who was a man Southern bred and proud of it. Here, in Marion, he is still under the spell of the soft voices, the shiftlessness, the easy careless swing of bodies, the charm and the gallantry of the women, the paradoxical dominance of the Negroes, the unbelievably lovely country.

In Southern small towns, owing to the excessive leisure, the mystery and the probing of character have an endless fascination. With that sense of impending drama, so peculiar to the South, Mr. Anderson describes the mysterious appearance in Marion of a quiet man with a little black moustache and a nervous step who vanquished all the local champions of the game of checkers, as if he knew the thousand combinations possible, and then as mysteriously disappeared . . . the coming to Marion of a gypsy woman who stole twenty dollars from Tom Wassum, at the Peery Grocery Company, after he had given some candy to her children . . . the appearance in the streets of a wild dope addict, Thomas Patterson from Martinville, who struck Doctor Weindell in the face for refusing to give him the drug he craved . . . the arrest of Mamie Palmer, the bootleg queen, on the highway near Saltville, a thin woman with a sharp tongue and eyes, who soon after her pardon died of tuberculosis. . . .

And then, the local town characters: Tom Greer, a slow-speaking, sensible man, with a thousand friends, perhaps the largest dealer in roots, herbs, and barks in the country; Gil Stephenson, an old workman who first started the Marion *Democrat*, who still sets type in his case every day, who likes his trade, and says, "You can't cheat or fake at it, every defect shows"; the bachelor-photographer, a long thin man with a big Adam's apple, who dreams of being a baseball player; Mr. O. K. Harris, a gray-haired man of fifty, with a sensitive face, who shot a man of sixty, named Sult, at the little railroad station of Groseclose near Marion late on an October Friday afternoon, because of his daughter.

The soft beauty of the Southern landscape, the strange criminal violences of life in a small Southern town, the comic fears, the shabbiness, the endless miseries, are here recorded with a truthfulness at once cruel and tender. Mr. Anderson has not achieved a work of distinction, comparable even with his lesser works, but certainly he writes with a penetrating knowledge, and understanding, of Southern small-town life.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

I HAVE had, this considerable while, a fairly strong distaste for mere writing. Belles lettres, unless very belles, indeed, can rapidly become a nuisance. There is sometimes more voltage to be found in a multigraphed circular of the Charity Organization Society (enclosing a photograph of a baby taking his airing on a tenement house fire escape) than in a whole volume of cultured palaver. Ingenious hairy men such as engineers, shipmasters, stage carpenters, even frolicsome bootleggers, emit flashes of rationality that sometimes almost state the equation we all seek. What a medicine and a humility a mere palterer in ink can find in a thrilling book like Colonel W. A. Starrett's "Skyscrapers" (Scribners, 1928). Written with charming straightforwardness and humor and gusto, it is the unconscious testimony of the kind of unyammering intelligence that has made this era great. It is the New Testament of New York. Here is a flash of it:—

The track space was blasted out of the solid rock of Manhattan—a stupendous undertaking in itself—and as the tracks come in on two levels, it will be seen that the upper must run in part on a floor-like structure corresponding to the basement of the skyscrapers above. Engineers recognized that the vibration of the heavy trains would necessitate a special foundation for the superimposed buildings. Accordingly, the building foundations reach down through the entirely separate structure on which the tracks run, a sort of cage within a cage, with no points of contact, every column footing of each structure insulated from the others by ingenious construction which reduces to a minimum the transmission of the jar and impact of the trains to the footings of the skyscrapers.

A pedestrian on the sidewalk in the Grand Central zone may notice a curious separation of the base of the buildings from the walk. There seems to be and in fact is a slot of about one inch. If the pedestrian carries a cane he may confirm his eyes by thrusting the cane to its full length into the slot and be persuaded that the building is resting on air. He is simply observing the separated construction. The sidewalk and street rest on the railroad structure, the building on a structure of its own, running down through the former but unattached to it.

No one can read Colonel Starrett's fine book without wanting to be, somehow, a little more contributory to the structural beauty of his time.

* * *

Dumas and the Trout

In the "Voyage en Suisse" is a story of a queer trout catch. Arriving at Bex at nightfall Dumas père's carriage stopped at the door of an ugly inn. Dinner awaited him. He found the trout so excellent that he requested more of it for his breakfast. The mistress of the inn called to a great boy of about eighteen years who seemed to be a sort of handy man.

"Maurice," she shrilled, "it is necessary that you catch some trout for the breakfast of Monsieur." Maurice came, half asleep and, yawning deeply, turned on Dumas père a look of such unmistakable reproach that the kindly Frenchman was moved to remark:

"If this errand gives so much trouble to the lad—" The face of Maurice brightened for an instant, then fell, as his mistress interrupted:

"Bah!" she said, "it is the affair of an hour. The river is two steps away. Go, idle one, take thy lantern and thy knife and hurry!"

From then on Maurice was lost for Dumas père had caught the words, "thy lantern and thy knife." This equipment for a fishing trip? He must witness these strange proceedings at any cost.

Despairingly Maurice took from the utensils hanging on the kitchen wall a huge butcher's cleaver and a curious lantern. The latter was so constructed that it could be extinguished neither by wind nor rain. Air was supplied to the flame through a long tube and one could submerge this lantern without affecting the flame.

"Are you coming too?" said Maurice to Dumas père, observing his eager interest.

"Certainly; this affair appears to me most unusual."

"Yes, yes," grumbled the boy between his teeth, "it is indeed unusual to see a poor devil shiver in water up to his stomach when he should be asleep in his bed with the covers up to his chin. Do you want a lantern and a knife to fish with also? That would be still more unusual"—but from the other room issued a sudden:

"What, thou hast not yet started?" which impelled Maurice to dash out and close the door without waiting for his companion. Opening the door violently Dumas père dashed rapidly after the disappearing lantern. Scarcely had he taken ten steps however, when his feet caught in the traces of a cart left carelessly in front of the inn and he fell with a great clatter in the middle of the road at the end of which shone the elusive lantern.

"But Sacré Dieu, Maurice, wait for me!" This was effective for the lantern stopped short and became a fixed star in the darkness.

"Pardieu!" cried the limping Frenchman approaching painfully. "You are a droll person! you hear me fall hard enough to split the paving stones of your village because I cannot see in the dark and you only rush on more rapidly with the lantern! Hold, see my torn trouser! Regard my scraped face! I have wounded myself horribly with your cart! It is unbearable!"

Maurice listened in silence until Dumas had removed the dust from his clothing and the small pebbles incrusted mosaic-like in the palms of his hands. Then he remarked quietly:

"This is what it means to go for trout at half after nine o'clock at night," and phlegmatically resumed his march. There seemed some truth in this observation. Dumas decided not to pursue the subject further. For ten minutes they trudged on in silence. Then suddenly Maurice came to a stop.

He began his preparations by removing shoes, socks and trousers and pinning his shirt around his chest. Turning to Dumas who was watching him with great interest he suggested that he follow suit.

"Are you actually going into the water?" asked the astonished Frenchman.

"But how do you expect to have trout for your breakfast if I do not?" queried Maurice.

"I, however, had not the intention of fishing," protested Dumas.

"No, but you wish to watch me, do you not?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then remove your trousers unless you come with them on. Everyone to his taste."

So saying, the young giant descended steep and rocky ravine at the bottom of which roared the torrent. Alexandre père followed him, teetering on the pebbles which gave way under his feet. They had almost thirty feet to go down this sheer and shifting path which Maurice managed with ease. At the water's edge Dumas slipped a hand into the icy stream. Horrified, he protested that no trout was worth this ordeal. Maurice replied that since he had gotten so far along with his task he might as well go on with it.

The curious lantern had been designed to explore the bottom of the stream and the trout gliding into the circle of light hurled themselves up towards the surface. With his left hand, Maurice slowly raised the beacon and the fascinated creatures followed it. At the moment when one came within range his right hand, armed with the cleaver, descended and the fish was struck adroitly on the head. Stunned by the blow, it sank for a moment to the bottom but soon reappeared at the surface where it was gathered in and stowed away in the bag hung round Maurice's neck.

After the eighth catch Dumas père could contain himself no longer. Throwing off his boots and trousers and ignoring the frigid water he snatched the knife and lantern. When a superb trout appeared he drew him to the surface as Maurice had done but, in his excitement, applied to the poor creature's back a blow so mighty that the fish came up in two pieces. Maurice pulled it out, examined it a moment then threw it back in disgust. "A dishonored trout, Monsieur," he said. Dumas intended to have it, however, dishonored or not, and promptly rescued the two sections of his fish. Then, teeth chattering and limbs shivering, he came swiftly to the shore, followed by Maurice. They dressed rapidly and started for the inn where Dumas sought relief in a huge feather bed in the depths of which lay a large warming pan. Further fortified with a bottle of warm wine within reach of his hand, he made notes on the "important scientific discovery that in this region one fishes for trout with a knife and a lantern." Next day after breakfasting on the bifurcated trout, he went happily on his way.

—GRACE GINGRAS.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Franklin's Life

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN OF PARIS. By WILLIS STEEL. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1928.

IT is no easy task, in view of the many lives of Franklin that have appeared, to produce a biography that is either original or revealing. Mr. Steel has succeeded in his attempt to do so better than might have been expected, and that by a very simple process. He has written of Franklin with a thorough and fruitful effort to ignore the facts of his life, a proceeding difficult, to be sure, since the facts of Franklin's career are to be found in accurate detail in encyclopædias and a host of other books. But Mr. Steel was strong and methodical enough to dismiss all these and create a new Franklin out of his imagination, a few bedtime stories, and what he knew of the streets of Paris in the eighteenth century.

The work is interesting because of the perfection of the author's method. But to tell the truth the same tendency existed before Mr. Steel. It is an outstanding feature of "Franklin literature" that the more Franklin is written up, the less his biographers care to be informed about him. In the sixties a dignified New England gentleman named James Parton wrote two volumes on Franklin; they were dull enough, if you wish, but they were quaint enough to amuse a philosopher, and were filled with the most valuable as well as the most exact information. Mr. Parton indulged in much explanation of what Franklin thought (or should have thought) of Lincoln, in discussion of the rascality of the Southern gentry as early as 1750, in comment on the many and great virtues of his hero, and on the physical beauty and perfect housekeeping of Mrs. Franklin, and he was untiring on the subject of the vices of the English. But he knew the dates of Franklin's birth, marriage (approximately), and death, when he left America for England and England for America, and when he lost his first teeth. If he had been less modest and well behaved he could have told the name of the first girl who kissed Franklin and whether she was blonde or brunette. But such revelations were not made in his time. His analysis of Franklin's psychology can be challenged, but at least he shows us a living man. And even his psychological hypotheses are not so out of fashion; they give us a Franklin who thinks on philosophical and religious matters like Billy Sunday, on international politics like Mr. Hearst, and on discretion like Mr. Coolidge.

Paul Leicester Ford, who was an acute and fine mind, tried to improve on his Parton's biography, wrote a short and brilliant life of Franklin, not as fully documented, but quite as serious and much more human than Parton's. It is a New York biography, full of life and human wisdom.

These two books made it difficult for later writers, for to supersede them would have required a long, painstaking, extended work. Consequently, the biographers who came after, preferred to be "different." They started the "debunking" process, collecting a few minor details, and dressing their hero with the passions and the wickedness of their own day.

This debunking crusade was led by Sidney George Fisher whose "True Benjamin Franklin" did not add much to the spiritual or intellectual treasures of humanity, but added a good deal to Mr. Fisher's bank account. And it went on until it culminated in the very successful book of Mr. Phillips Russell, who called his study "Franklin the First Civilized American" because he had discovered that Franklin was not entirely faithful to Mrs. Franklin, a conclusion queerly unfair to many American gentlemen of the eighteenth century who were a good deal more "civilized" than Mr. Franklin from that point of view. Mr. Russell's debunking book misses a very obvious point —that Franklin did not invent much in that line and that for the eighteenth century he was really a very second class "debauché." Such is the sad truth.

Mr. Steel goes further than Mr. Russell. He takes the Franklin transmitted to him by the debunking school, deprived of nearly all his original characteristics and personal virtues, strips him of all wickedness, and then uses him. What is left is very little. Nothing of the real hard qualities and shortcomings of Franklin appears here. The book can be read by anyone, except such persons as care for truth and history.

Some of Mr. Steel's mistakes are gross to the point of being funny. He ignores the fact that after the Cockpit outrage (when he was insulted by Wedderburn and the Privy Council of England for having sent to the Bostonians the letters of their Governor Hutchinson) Franklin stayed more than a whole year in England. He had been deprived of his job as Deputy Postmaster of America, he was in danger of being arrested daily, his old wife lay dying in Philadelphia, but still he stayed on in London, working with Pitt and the Howes to bring about peace between England and the Colonies. No period of his life, does more honor to Franklin, or gives a higher idea of his courage. Mr. Steel, who has ransacked Franklin's career for episodes to praise and has often found the wrong ones, has here missed his best opportunity.

Assembling the facts of Franklin's life is an exceedingly difficult task, as the great Philadelphian was both secretive and clever in keeping hidden what he chose. During his stay in Paris, of course, many people met him, and wrote of him; yet, as he was always careful to adapt himself to everyone and give each what he wanted, kisses to the ladies, wisdom to the young men, facts to the financiers, and solemn pledges to the Ministers, the real man was difficult to discover. From the French memoirs of his time, not portrayals of Franklin, but rôles played by a very great actor emerge. The historian who wants to present a true picture of Franklin must have a broad knowledge of the facts, an exact historical method and, above all, a definite conception of the man under his various rôles.

Illinois College

ILLINOIS COLLEGE. A CENTENNIAL HISTORY. By CHARLES H. RAMMELKAMP. Yale University Press. 1928. $7.50.

Though perhaps not so famous as Knox or Beloit, Illinois College has a record which is equalled by that of few Western colleges and surpassed by none. Its roll of alumni is alone sufficient to attest its distinction. They include Richard Yates, the Civil War Governor, who was graduated in the first class; W. H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner; John Wesley Powell, the explorer of the Grand Canyon; Newton Bateman, a pioneer organizer of public school education in Illinois; Charles H. Morse, scale-manufacturer and philanthropist; and William J. Bryan, of the class of 1881. Planted at Jacksonville in 1829 by a little band of graduates from the theological department of Yale, Illinois College was from the beginning a center of Congregational and New England influence. It is recorded that of the first nine students who assembled on January 4, 1830, none had studied English grammar or geography, and only two knew any rudiments of Latin. For a time, though it proudly announced a "collegiate" course, the institution was nothing more than a preparatory school. But its faculty consisted of able and devoted, though wretchedly paid, men drawn from Yale, Middlebury, and Bowdoin; it quickly assembled an excellent library; it organized the first medical school in the State; and by the 'fifties it was not only a true college, but probably the best to be found anywhere west of Indiana. It was a misfortune for the State no less than for Illinois College that when the University of Illinois was established in the 'sixties, political wire-pullers defeated the plan for placing it on this strong existing foundation.

President Rammelkamp's detailed and meticulously careful record of the past century is given especial interest by the sturdy, forthright character of a long line of Illinois College leaders. Such men as Jonathan Baldwin Turner, a grim fighter who distinguished himself by hatred of theological narrowness, by introducing to prairie farmers the Osage-orange hedge, and by his radical plans for agricultural and engineering education, were the very leaven of the West. Such a president as Clifford W. Barnes, to name a later figure, commands admiration for his indomitable fight against poverty and adversity. Despite the modesty of the author, it is evident that the college has made by far its greatest growth under Mr. Rammelkamp's own enterprising and sagacious administration. There is much in this six hundred page volume which will interest only the alumni and teachers of the college; but there is much also which will be of value to students of higher education, and particularly of its Middle Western history.

LEWIS MUMFORD: *"Of very few books can one say that to read them is the better part of an education, yet this work of Vossler's deserves such a description, if any single work deserves it."*—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

MEDIAEVAL CULTURE

AN INTRODUCTION TO DANTE AND HIS TIMES

by Karl Vossler

This work is a synthesis of the ideas, literature, and civilization of the Middle Ages, as these culminated in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Although one of the great products of literary scholarship of our time, it appeals, like Henry Adam's *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* or Taylor's *Mediaeval Mind*, to a wide circle of intelligent readers.

"A great work . . . rich in well-considered judgments".—BENEDETTO CROCE.

"His discourse sweeps, with epic reach and breadth, toward these two ends (how Dante came by his materials and what he made of them in his great poem). . . . It is a great joy to embrace a work of real scholarship which is also a living synthesis. . . . The crucial problems of philosophy, religion, ethics, politics, and outlines of ancient and mediaeval literature, the origins of modern language and poetry, the psychological penetration of the poet's task and character, and, finally, the explanation of *The Divine Comedy* itself are brought together in an impressive unity."—LEWIS MUMFORD, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. *Two Vols.*, $8.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Pepys Ballads

Edited by HYDER E. ROLLINS

Only brief selections have hitherto been printed from the great ballad-collection of the famous diarist, Samuel Pepys, so that it is almost unknown except to a few students. Professsor Rollins has now undertaken an edition to be complete in six volumes, of all the topical and historical ballads in the collection that have not yet been reprinted. We here present the first two volumes of the work, covering the years 1535 to 1640. They will be eagerly welcomed by all lovers of fresh, vivid English poetry as well as by students of Elizabethan drama and English history. Volumes are sold separately at $3.50 each.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"A good story, suave satire. A veritable treasure." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"Combines the best points of 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey' and 'South Wind'."— *Oliver Sayler.*

ASK FOR

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

R.L.DUFFUS

$2.50 H. M. CO.

The Trend of the American University

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

IN three essays the dean of American educators sums up the progress of the past half-century in the American university. He cites the origins of our present-day institution, the influences which have given it form and purpose, and the goal to which it looks today. Issued in a limited edition of 250 autographed and numbered copies, of which 240 are for sale. Bound in dark cardinal suède leather, gold stamped. No trade edition of this work is contemplated.

Postpaid, $7.50

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Roget's International

THESAURUS

"Words grouped by Ideas"

Complete list of synonyms, antonyms, phrases, slang, etc., in fact everything to help find the right word. The one indispensable book for all writers. A necessary complement of the dictionary.

Now $3 Copy

Thomas Y. Crowell, 393 4th Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Seidel Canby says

A PREFACE to MORALS

WALTER LIPPMANN'S New Book

"SEEMS more worth reading and absorbing than any recently published book on the eternal problem of the troubled human race . . . Something very much like a moral earthquake has shaken the Western World since the War, and loosened the underpinnings of conduct. The traditions by which we lived, in the family, in the community, in the church, have all weakened and thousands of 'good' people, who never in any age could have been called immoral, are wondering how to be sure of the difference between right and wrong, and seeking some kind of substitute for the conventional rules that were accepted as final in their youth . . . How should a man live and why and to what end? . . . Everyone has been talking, or at least thinking, about these matters, but we have lacked a clear-sighted discussion by a competent writer.

"This is what makes Walter Lippmann's book so extremely valuable, and keeps it interesting and exciting."—*The Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

WALTER LIPPMANN

Is known to a wide audience in America as a connoisseur of public affairs. As Editor of the *New York World* he directs what is recognized as the most consistently brilliant editorial page in American journalism. As a publicist he frequently dissects the American scene for readers of the *Yale Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's* and *Vanity Fair*. His first book was published when he was twenty-three, and it was called "a keen, cultivated, deeply interested and amazingly interesting" study in the political field. Successive books have established Mr. Lippmann's place among contemporary intellectual leaders. Five years of work have gone into *A Preface to Morals* to make it not only the Book-of-the-Month, but a volume to keep and ponder through the years.

First Printing 80,000

The Book-of-the-Month Club Choice for May

A PREFACE to MORALS

At all bookstores now — $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY -:- 60 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

"Official Sinning"

FALSEHOOD IN WAR-TIME. By ARTHUR PONSONBY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

Falsehood is a recognized and extremely useful weapon in warfare, and every country uses it quite deliberately to deceive its own people, to attract neutrals, and to mislead the enemy.

UPON this theme Mr. Ponsonby builds up in his reader's mind an expectation of learning all about a really first-class lot of government war lies. If the book were the kind of propaganda it denounces, the expectation might be realized. But Mr. Ponsonby is too honest for that. He tries to tell the whole truth and in doing so greatly weakens his indictment of the war governments.

The falsehoods that he gives us, picturesque as they are, lose their power to horrify when we know they are falsehoods. It is very doubtful whether they secured any general belief even while hostilities were in progress. To the extent that they did, they are quite deserving of Mr. Ponsonby's condemnation.

But a point which stands out in the book is that most of the lies which were circulated—and no country was exempt—were neither started nor encouraged by the governments. On the contrary, Mr. Ponsonby repeatedly cites instances where the various governments on both sides took occasion to deny the authenticity of reports of enemy brutality. There were cases where the government did not do this and let a falsehood serve its purpose even when the government had knowledge that it was a falsehood. There were cases, fortunately still fewer in number, where the government or its agents deliberately manufactured and circulated lies of its own. Perhaps the outstanding case was that describing the German corpse factories, in which it was claimed that the Germans were boiling the bodies of the dead to obtain certain fats and oils.

Too strong condemnation can hardly be given to such proceedings, but it appears from Mr. Ponsonby's book that only the French government lent itself in any wholehearted way to this practice. Even in this case the charge rests upon the testimony of one witness whose motives we have no means of judging.

While falsehood in war-time is as despicable as at any other time, it is open to question whether it has even as serious effects as Mr. Ponsonby ascribes to it. While one people is using every means to slaughter another, it probably makes little difference to the victims whether a few lies are thrown along with the hand grenades. Nor is it probable that the grenadiers would stop throwing grenades if they did not believe the lies.

The lies that really make for war are not those told in war-time, but those which are told before the war commences. Of these, Mr. Ponsonby mentions but two, that of the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary in denying that there was any British commitment to France, and that of Pashitch in denying any knowledge of the plot to kill Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo. Both of these may be said to have had a direct influence in leading peoples into war. On this account they are much more deserving of condemnation than the absurdities of individuals whose minds were unhinged by the horrors of the struggle.

But an appraisement of such official statements belongs rather to a study of secret diplomacy than of war-time lies.

Rossetti the Poet

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: Painter Poet of Heaven in Earth. By R. L. MEGROZ. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $4.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL C. CHEW
Bryn Mawr College

IF the fashion of observing centenaries is to continue, why cannot we agree to observe the centennial of a great man's death and ignore the hundredth anniversary of his birth? It is a sweet and decorous thing to do honor to those whose larger life "on lips of other men" has endured for a hundred years, and we gladly heed the injunction, "Let us now praise famous men." But the hundredth birthday is apt to follow hard upon the disappearance from among us of the person whom we honor, more than apt to come when his reputation is in the trough of the wave of posthumous renown. Markedly spontaneous were the tributes to Byron in 1924 and to Blake in 1928. But it was obvious that no one was particularly anxious to do homage to Rossetti and Meredith in 1928. The centennial tributes appeared, but they were perfunctory. Mr. Megroz's belated book is a much better piece of work than is Evelyn Waugh's study, which appeared promptly on schedule time last May; but it is labored and slow-moving, the product of industry rather than of enthusiasm. This is not to say that it is to be judged merely as a *pièce d'occasion*, called forth by the centenary; for, as its somewhat clumsy title indicates, it is a complementary study to the same critic's book on Francis Thompson. But while "Francis Thompson: The Poet of Earth in Heaven" was written obviously because Mr. Megroz was impelled to write it by his devotion to Thompson, this companion volume on Rossetti has been written because the author thought he ought to do so. It is but fair to add at once that despite its conscientious heaviness it is the best book we know on Rossetti.

Nevertheless it is incomplete and it needs Mr. Waugh's far less satisfactory work to supplement it. Mr. Waugh centered his attention upon Rossetti's paintings and treated his poetry hastily and gingerly. He exhibited a somewhat priggish distaste for the picturesque squalor of the poet-painter's environment. The pathological details of Rossetti's last years appeared to fascinate him, and he dwelt too long upon them. Mr. Megroz, on the contrary, is far more concerned with Rossetti's poetry than with his paintings. He considers the paintings, indeed, almost exclusively for their bearing upon the problems of the poetry, a point of view defensible in a critic who is dealing with a painter so "literary" as was Rossetti. He has little to say in general of Rossetti's environment, preferring to concentrate attention upon a few phases and a few personalities. And far from recounting at too great length the story of the tragic latter years, he breaks off his narrative abruptly after 1872, as though he were weary of his task. After the death of the poet's wife the critic's interest seems to cease; and one of the most noteworthy parts of his book is his examination of Elizabeth Siddal's forelorn little poems in which there is revealed an unsuspected depth of autobiographical significance.

Towards the end of his book Mr. Megroz remarks upon "the oppressive quantity of facts" that are available about Rossetti. Unfortnuately, the innumerable diaries, letters, and memoirs of the Pre-Raphaelite circle are silent about many things of which we should like to know. So far as he can do so, Mr. Megroz pieces together what bits of testimony there are on matters upon which Rossetti's friends were reticent. He deals frankly with the disastrous influence which Fanny Schott, the poet's mistress *en chef*, had upon him; and he seems ready to accept the report that Mrs. Rossetti did not die accidently of an overdose of laudanum, but killed herself. He does not touch upon a problem to which Mr. Waugh devoted a good deal of attention: the large number of replicas (generally by Rossetti's assistant, Treffy Dunn) that came from the artist's studio, and the many obvious forgeries that were sold as authentic.

That Rossetti was a mystery was felt by his contemporaries, and he remains mysterious today. Mr. Megroz remarks that "the introversion of his mind" was balanced by a personal attractiveness and a sympathy with individuals that explain the remarkable influence which he exercised upon everyone who came in contact with him. He relates this mystery convincingly to the "romantic archaism" of much of his poetry and painting, emphasizing the fact that when moving in the world of old romantic themes, Rossetti was in his natural element, just as he was in his element when making beautiful verses or pictures from the stuff of dreams. With a good deal of ingenuity Mr. Megroz illustrates each point that he makes by reference to the appropriate poem or painting; and it is noteworthy that he recurs constantly to "The Portrait" among the poems and to "How They Met Themselves" among the designs. It is not for lack of careful and sympathetic study if Mr. Megroz fails to inspire in us a new enthusiasm for his subject.

The Pathology of Emotion

EMOTIONS OF NORMAL PEOPLE. By WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $5.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

PROFESSOR MARSTON offers a notable contribution to the psychology of emotion. His work is based on a large experimental program including several ingenious methods of recording the physiological accompaniments of emotion. These include both the introspective and the experimental records in the presence of so complicated situations as the dramatic moments of motion pictures, as well as records of students in actual situations from love-making to the exuberant customs of college life. Professor Marston has now undertaken to test the emotional responses at the Hollywood stage of production for the benefit of the "screen" industry. On the one side the volume records a technical psychological study, which leads to a theory of the underlying mechanisms in this most complex phase of our total behavior. His object is to gain a deeper insight into the emotional mechanisms. On the other side, he is dependent for his data upon following the clues of everyday normal emotions. To solve such a fundamental problem as what is the nature of appetite and desire, and where and how it passes over into a true emotional status, or again the specific function of the motor apparatus in emotional situations, requires equal ingenuity in both techniques: that of the records and introspections, and that of the favorable occasions for the typical emotions.

The keynote of Professor Marston's solution is to regard as the two great orders of emotion dominance and compliance. In the one case we command, in the other obey; in the one rule, and in the other are ruled; in the one insist, in the other yield; and it is this opposite pattern that he regards as implying equally an opposite physiological process. Here lies the essential component of character: how we dispose of our dominant and how of our compliant impulses. It is likewise in the alternating play of these that appetite must be both sought and satisfied. In the patterns thus resulting there enters submission and inducement. That these terms fit particularly well and, indeed, are derived from the love impulse is obvious. And by this route Professor Marston considers in intimate manner the formula of the love response not only in the master passion but in all its derivative forms.

The contrasted parts of the male and female in this relation afford the most distinctive picture; but it is no less apparent in the parent-child relation, as well as in ordinary social intercourse. Yet in a sense such patterns of dominance and compliance as operate in our social relations are but derivative forms of activity from the natural situations, those of sex centrally. The drama of love is physiologically as well as psychologically recorded in dominance and compliance. These furnish the typical normal emotions and by that route the clues to personal disposition and character.

DARK HESTER

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

"Superb workmanship . . . put together masterfully, symphonically . . . the interest steadily mounts." —*New York Times.* "Not even in 'The Little French Girl' has she touched such heights of imaginative understanding . . . a beautiful book, written from rich experience."—*Hartford Courant.* $2.50

HAMLET

The first volume of a new edition of Shakespeare, edited with a brilliant commentary by Joseph Quincy Adams, author of "A Life of William Shakespeare." $2.00

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

F. O. Matthiessen

"Distinguished, civilized . . . a valuable addition to American literary criticism." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.00

THE ART OF LIFE

HAVELOCK ELLIS

The whole essence of his serene wisdom is now presented in this compact volume of extracts from his complete works. $2.00

EDUCATION OF THE MODERN GIRL

Practical advice by leaders in the field of secondary education, of invaluable aid to parents. Introduction by William Allan Neilson. $3.00

ERA OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Louis R. Gottschalk

A brilliant and scholarly presentation of an era and the movements and ideas behind it. $4.00

HAWTHORNE'S JOURNALS

Edited by NEWTON ARVIN

"Just those portions of the journals that are most interesting in themselves and most valuable as a picure of the time."—*N. Y. Times.* $3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

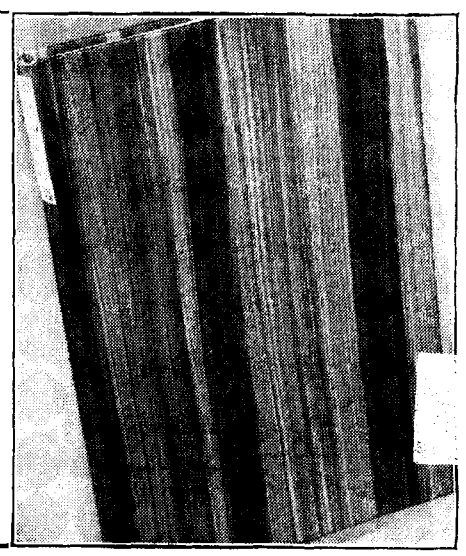
"CHISELED VERSE, WROUGHT TO THE LAST SOPHISTICATION OF PERFECT UTTERANCE"

WITH the fine artistry of a Shelley, Elinor Wylie carved miniature gems of verse. In this machine-age of realism, their delicate beauty is anachronistic . . . but the tragic, disillusioned note which runs through her poems is of today.

Now she has mounted "the stairway cut from planetary space." Now she knows "what the Uranian years shall offer us when we are gone." And we who loved her . . . *we* know what the *terrestrial* years shall offer her. A fame well-warranted by her genius. Recognition in the limited circle of kindred souls who worship at the shrines of truth and beauty.

From a photograph by Sherrit Schell

ELINOR WYLIE'S
Last Book
ANGELS and EARTHLY CREATURES
$2.50 AT ALL BOOK SHOPS



On the evening of December 15th, 1928, the day prior to her death, Elinor Wylie chose the contents of this, her last book. These poems will rank with her best; they will be accepted as true examples of her "chiseled verse, wrought to the last sophistication of perfect utterance, which seemed to belong to another and more meticulous age." The quotation is an appreciation of Elinor Wylie by Henry Seidel Canby who concludes: "Her work was never easy; it was counter to the broader current of her times—fine goldsmith's work, intaglios, medallions, cut gems and engraved crystals, not the dynamos and skyscrapers of art. But it had the seal of loveliness upon it, and a perfection like those Egyptian crowns whose fragile but enduring beauty preserves the fine essence of a life proudly lived more surely than the pyramids."

OTHER BOOKS BY ELINOR WYLIE

The Orphan Angel: Elinor Wylie's most famous novel which follows the further career of the poet Shelley in America after his rescue from a watery grave. $2.50...*Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard:* A re-creation of England in the early years of the last century as the background for the strange love story of Mr. Hazard. $2.50...*Trivial Breath:* A significant book of verse, published in 1928, containing examples of the fine artistry, the genius, of Elinor Wylie. $2.50.

Your book shop should have all of these books, or they can be secured by ordering from the publisher

ALFRED · A · KNOPF BORZOI BOOKS 730 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One of the most fascinating travel books that has been published for some time."—Cincinnati Tribune.

BLUE GLAMOR

PORTS AND PEOPLE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

By WEBB WALDRON

Illustrated by MARION PATTON WALDRON

"THIS tale of a sentimental journey in various tramp steamers is set down, not with the poseur's delight of the typical tourist, but that attitude of mind that is to be found in all true pilgrims to the far places of the earth."—*Chicago Evening Post.* "Done with zest and wit."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.* "Vigorous, humorous, delightful."—*Rochester Democrat Chronicle.* "Glamorous."—*Edward Charles Elliott.* "Has a charm and gusto which makes the book valuable to both the stay-at-home and to those who are embarking on similar expeditions."—*Seven Seas.* "The Waldrons have brought back a rich cargo and have reloaded it into a beautiful argosy, to touch the home ports of all who read it."—*Birmingham News Age Herald.* "Light, effervescent, colorful. Will give you a whole-hearted appreciation of a beautiful body of water. . . . Excellent sketches."—*San Francisco Bulletin.* "Mr. Waldron gets close to the native life along the Mediterranean. He brings to his descriptive passages no less artistry than finds expression in Mrs. Waldron's illustrations."—*Boston Herald.* $4.00.

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

386 Fourth Avenue New York

"One of the Finest Pieces of Biographical Writing of Our Time"

Second Large Edition

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH of AUSTRIA

By Joseph Redlich

"THIS book has nothing in common with the racy, superficial and sensational biographies with which the world is flooded. It is based on sound factual knowledge, and it is written with brilliant sympathy and deep wisdom. It is not only the best book on the subject, but one of the finest pieces of biographical writing of our time."—*Professor William L. Langer* in the *New Republic.*

At Your Bookstore Now • • Illustrated • • $5.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY NEW YORK

RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB FOR MAY

THIS POOR PLAYER

By SHIRLEY WATKINS

"A book of fine imaginative qualities that challenges adult attention."

New York Herald-Tribune

At all bookstores $2.50

MACRAE • SMITH • CO. PHILADELPHIA

Books of Special Interest

A Polar Diary

THE OUTPOST OF THE LOST. By DAVID L. BRAINARD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $3.

Purely from a point of view of literature, this is a remarkable book. It is the calm, dispassionate diary of Sergeant (now General) Brainard, during the retreat and enforced winter encampment of the Greely expedition, 1883-1884, one of the major tragedies in the history of polar exploration. The volume is notable in that it presents a straightforward account, without the self-consciousness or swashbuckling heroism we seem to find so necessary in our modern exploration literature.

The bare narrative of events is gripping enough. It is a narrative of suffering and incipient mutiny, of terrific cold, suffered with insufficient equipment and insufficient knowledge, of starvation and death. Of twenty-five men, seven were found alive when the belated rescue ship finally blundered to the spot. They had eaten everything, most of their boots, parts of their sleeping bags, fox-intestines, caterpillars. Elison had his spoon tied to the stump of the arm from which his frozen hand had dropped. One man had been officially executed for having added the theft of a few sealskin thongs to that of a pound of bacon, a cupful of butter, and a few shrimps. No tragedy of fiction can be as poignant and gripping as this tragedy of fact, and for its general literary honesty the book deserves to be ranked among the best human documents of polar literature.

Those who are interested in a serious critical study of polar history can have only one complaint. The great amount of cutting and editing of the original diary was probably justified for the popular edition, but in all fairness some mention of it should have been made. From the edition we have the impression that the record is complete and unabridged, but one glance at its appearance in the first volume of Greely's official report, published by the government in 1888, shows how much material has been left out, and how, in some instances of minor importance, the entire original meaning has been changed without apparent justification.

One of England's Heroes

THE LIFE OF SIR MARTIN FROBISHER. The Golden Hind Series. By WILLIAM MCFEE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by GEORGE B. PARKS

Author of "Richard Hakluyt" and "The English Voyages"

FROBISHER is one of England's naval heroes. Bred to the sea, he was the first man, except, perhaps, an unknown Viking, to take up the long struggle with the Northwest Passage. In the Elizabethan navy he rose to high command, and was ranked by the Lord High Admiral with Drake and Hawkins as one of the most expert officers in England. But his greatness has not been explained as theirs has. A full-length life of Frobisher is long overdue.

It is fitting that this life should be attempted by a sailor. As might be expected, Mr. McFee is at his best in this book when he writes about ships and sailors. The familiar narratives of the northwest voyages are vividly retold. A gale, drift ice, heavy seas, "fourteen boards in eight glasses running," and like nautical situations might be carefully explained by a landsman, but it is another thing to make them real as they are here. The sailors come out in the story—the grumbling ship's carpenter, the overruled and reluctant pilot, the turbulent and headstrong commander himself—as they would not for a landsman. And it takes a sailor to show how Frobisher could pull an Eskimo and his boat out of the sea aboard ship, or how he could himself jump aboard from a rowboat.

This is a good story when it deals with Frobisher at sea. It weakens when it tries to explain how he got there and what his voyages amounted to. His sea training, the reasons for his seeking the Northwest, the steps of his career in the navy, need explaining, and are not explained. The Queen, Drake, Philip of Spain, and other obvious personages seem to take up more space than Frobisher, and Frobisher's own achievements are left a string of disconnected episodes, however they have been touched up by the pen of a skilled writer. The upshot of the book is that an impetuous sailor named Frobisher performed a number of feats and died in the storming of Brest during the Spanish war. As a life of a great commander, the book cannot be taken seriously.

The reason is perfectly obvious. There is not enough history in it. The author has not enough information to write a life of Frobisher. Like a good reporter, he has gone to the right places for his information. He has read Froude, and read up on Queen Elizabeth. He knows Sir Julian Corbett's classic naval history. He has seen earlier lives of Frobisher and the Hakluyt Society edition of his voyages. I suppose that makes quite a lot for even a good reporter, if a reporter's duty is to make a good story out of what other people tell him.

But an historian is a different animal, as some publishers may be aware. An historian must know something about Elizabethan commercial history, since the northwest voyages were trading ventures. He would then escape the solecism of calling Frobisher a merchant-adventurer, which means only an investor, not an "enterpriser." Knowing that, the historian would see Frobisher in quite a different light. A historian doing a life of Frobisher must also know something about the administrative history of the navy, to supplement Sir Julian. Most of all, a historian must have more facts about Frobisher himself.

Not knowing how difficult it would be for an amateur to find them, I turned casually to the index of Dr. J. A. Williamson's recent life of Hawkins, which is history. Three new facts about Frobisher tumbled into view. The index of the *English Historical Review* at once turned up an article, dated 1906, which completely recasts Frobisher's earlier life, that Mr. McFee has had so much difficulty in not explaining. I need not go any farther.

An American Diva

PRIMA DONNA. A Novel of the Opera. By PITTS SANBORN. Longmans, Green, 1929. 2 vols. $5.

"Man after man she had lived through, as one lives through a week or a month, and what was left, except an imprint upon her art?" So Helma Seymour meditates as she considers in retrospect the friends, teachers, lovers, and husband who had contributed to her successful career as an artist without ever having formed an integral part of her life as a woman. Upon the story of her relations with these men, the author superimposes a vast amount of technical knowledge. He shows accurately and in great detail the discipline involved in the training of an opera singer, the long years devoted to the study not only of music and acting but of foreign languages, of stage traditions, of interpretations sanctified by famous protagonists of the past.

Mr. Sanborn takes his prima donna from her conventional home in a small Ohio town to the New York of the studios, where hard work, free manners, and pliant morals temper both her voice and her spirit. Then he follows her from her provincial debut in Tours through every stage of her successive triumphs in the capitals of the world, contrasting understandingly the operatic conditions of France, Germany, Italy, South America, and our own country. We attend Helma's performances before audiences of varying tastes and prejudices; we watch her as she learns new rôles and plays opposite strange tenors or jealous contraltos. And always we are made to recognize her dependence upon the men who teach or love her, men whose knowledge and affection she absorbs without at any time forgetting the artist in the woman.

No patron of the opera but will find many stirring and informative pages in this novel. And yet, as a novel, it has distinct limitations. Helma never achieves that quality which Mrs. Wharton has recently analyzed and described as "visibility." She remains a voice, not a person. Her story comprises a succession of incidents, but there is no intuitive participation, either on the part of the author or the reader, in her thoughts and emotions. She pursues her aim to become a great dramatic soprano, but she seems neither to think nor to feel in the process. True, Mr. Sanborn represents her as essentially "cold." True, although supposedly intelligent (we have the author's word for it), she is, like most professional musicians, egocentric and dull apart from her music, a vehicle rather than a votary of her art. For these very reasons however, something more than realistic detail and a placid acceptance of her own values were needed to make her career seem significant or of vital concern to the reader. In short, Mr. Sanborn has written an indifferent novel, but has given us an intensive and enlightening study of an American prima donna.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL BOOK OF THE CENTURY — SUPPRESSED IN ENGLAND AND VINDICATED BY AN AMERICAN COURT

PUBLIC OPINION

DR. JOSEPH COLLINS says:

"'The Well of Loneliness' deals with a subject with which every civilized man should be familiar. It is one of the world's greatest enigmas. The foolish say it is a vice, the fatuous, a disease. It is the work of God, not of man."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says:

"I agree with most critics that the book is a serious study of an important subject. Any attempt to declare a subject as in itself indecent is indefensible. It forbids discussion of any kind and is socially dangerous. There are no indecent facts."

WALTER YUST in the PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER says:

"The book is a human document, written I think, with deep gravity of purpose. So far as I have been able to detect, the book was not planned with any ulterior motive to achieve sensation—the subject is not new to literature—nor with any reprehensible desire to pander to depraved taste . . written with delicacy, with careful anxiety not to offend the reader. In this respect alone Miss Hall has achieved no little. And, of course, she has achieved something more. As a tract, as case history, as a document reporting with sincerity the tragic condition of a very special mental and physical aberration THE WELL OF LONELINESS is a book which may not be ignored."

FANNY BUTCHER in the CHICAGO TRIBUNE says:

"There is writing in 'The Well of Loneliness' that is unsurpassed. In it Radclyffe Hall has a passionate love and an understanding of the English countryside and its oneness with those who are rooted in its soil that would set the book apart from a year's output, if for no other reason."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT in the NEW REPUBLIC says:

"Miss Hall meets all the specifications of the English novel . . . . Her background is varied . . Her characters are well understood and honestly presented . . . Her pattern of human relations is determined by emotion . . . Her writing is remarkable for its finish and beauty, especially in the English scenes. And Miss Hall's treatment of her subject, serious, honest and dignified, is a challenge to the crude mind of a class which sees no solution of social problems except prohibition and censorship. Miss Hall offers a challenge which must be met because it is an appeal against the injustice and cruelty of society."

THE WELL OF LONELINESS
BY RADCLYFFE HALL
With a commentary by HAVELOCK ELLIS

$5.00 Everywhere

8TH LARGE PRINTING

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

JOHN S. SUMNER
Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, says:

"* * * It may be here admitted that the book is well written and contains no unclean words, but on the other hand the whole theme of the story could hardly be more vile, unmoral and unsocial. * * * This subject has generally been confined to medical books where it properly belongs. It has no proper place in fiction literature published as such and indiscriminately sold. * * * The theme of the story is 'revolting to those who may have occasion to read it.' Its tendency is to deprave and corrupt minds open to immoral influences and who might come in contact with it."

THE OPINION OF THE COURT OF SPECIAL SESSIONS OF NEW YORK:

The Honorable Judges Healy, McInerney and Salomon:

The court is prepared to render a decision in this case. The defendants in this case are charged with the violation of Section 1141 of the Penal Law in that they have sold and offered for sale a book known as "The Well of Loneliness," which book is alleged is obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy and indecent, and in violation of Section 1141 of the Penal Law.

The book in question deals with a delicate social problem which in itself cannot be said is in violation of the law unless it is written in such a manner as to make it obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy or indecent, and tends to deprave and corrupt minds open to immoral influences.

This is a criminal prosecution and as judges of the facts and the law we are not called upon, nor is it within our province, to recommend or advise against the reading of any book. Nor is it within our province to pass an opinion as to the merits or demerits thereof, but only as to whether same is in violation of the law. The people must establish that the defendants are guilty of a violation of Section 1141 beyond a reasonable doubt.

After a careful reading of the entire book we conclude that the book in question is not in violation of the law and each of the defendants is acquitted.

COVICI-FRIEDE PUBLISHERS 79 WEST 45TH STREET NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHAPTER 1

Her first lapse occurred one April evening, through one of those accidents that befall maidens who are not intended by Nature to remain so.

At that time she was about eighteen: fresh, pretty, and in love with herself, so much so that she had not the strength of mind to prevent another from being in love with her.

For her this man represented Love: the irresistible force of First Love.

In April, when the sun setting behind the shining roofs of great cities is reflected in the fourth floor windows, there is always some girl of eighteen who falls in love with a medical student.

Her mother was not pleased. She lived on the pension given her by a tired banker: knitted ties for a fencing master.

A Page Torn *from* Life

—the life of Mimi Bluette, Paris Premier Danseuse, Paris' darling. Her virtue was earthly, but her love divine! A life-story that begins where most stories dare not. If you read one page you'll *buy* and *read* and *keep* the book.

Mimi Bluette

By GUIDO DA VERONA

Author of "The Woman Who Invented Love."

Translated from the Italian by Isabel Grazebrook

The DUTTON "BOOK of the MONTH" for MAY

At the Bookstores $2.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., New York.

BAD BOY: MODEL 1929

DOWNFALL

By HAROLD W. BRECHT

An extraordinarily sympathetic and understanding story of a typical American boy's adjustment to the knocks and compromises of the world. "The most honest and illuminating record of adolescence ever written."—*The Bookman.* "An accurate study of adolescence. Complete as any possible case history of a boy."—*New York Evening Post.* "True and fine. Will make men remember things they thought they had forgotten. Will make parents see things they were afraid to see."—*Percy Marks.*

$2.50 HARPER & BROTHERS

Foreign Literature

A Philosopher's Loves

LA VIE AMOUREUSE DE DIDEROT. By MICHEL CORDAY. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 1929.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

WITHIN the compass of this slim volume the modern author, a thinker of the twentieth century, gives the results of his study of the love-life of his master of two hundred years ago. Corday admits that the material for his book offered only one side of the story; that he relied almost exclusively upon the letters of the man who conceived the famous Encyclopédie, and some statements by his daughter, Mme. de Vandeul. But out of these yellowed pages he conjured the procession of women who successively won the heart of Diderot. They are of a remarkable diversity of types. At sixteen his interest in a young girl of Langres induced his Jesuit preceptors to suggest his departure for Paris. When he returned some years later the heroine of this idyll of his adolescence had died. Then followed an amusing flirtation with Mlle. Babuti, who, "straight as a lily and pink as a rose," presided "doll-like" over a little book-shop on the Quai des Augustins. He remembered her in his "Salon de 1765" in speaking of her portrait by Greuze, whom she had married. In the intervals of his vehement courtship and final marriage to his neighbor of the Rue Colombier, Nanette Champion, who became the mother of his children, he was kept busy by the attentions and demands of Mme. de Pusieux, who in American slang might be called an intellectual vamp, and later by others of her type.

But all these women, even the loyal Nanette, who seems to have been little disturbed by his "amourettes," are overshadowed by Sophie Volland, who is known to us only through the medium of his letters, hers having disappeared. She emerges from them as a woman who combined grace, delicacy, and sensitiveness with sound judgment, keen mind, broad culture, and a taste for thorough study and serious meditation—in fact a character which he sums up in the words: "Ma Sophie est homme et femme, quand il lui plait," and whose conversation he preferred to the polished and ordinary gossip of the society called *le monde.*

The author weighs all the arguments which the Diderot "enigma" presents to other students and is at the end convinced that the easily inflammable imagination of Diderot—and the reviewer would suggest: the Latin tendency towards hyperbole—induced some more cynical writers to look upon Sophie as his mistress. After quoting his remark, that she would have a place in the "paradise of virgins," Corday ends that chapter with the words:

> Even when far away, she was always present. And during thirty years, hovering over him like an invisible song, she poured out to him that divine cordial which sustained, ennobled, and exalted him. Friend or mistress, of what importance is it? She was the goddess of his life.

Far from representing Diderot as a saint, Corday admits that he may have been guilty of little infidelities towards Sophie, but he points out and emphasizes one rare quality of his character: constancy. He was constant in his habits, his friendships, his convictions, his labors, and his love. He was taken ill on the tenth of February, 1784. Sophie died three days later. Nothing would console him in his grief but the thought that he would not long survive her.

German Prizewinners

AUFSTAND DER FISCHER VON ST. BARBARA. By ANNA SEGHERS. Potsdam: Gustav Kiepenheuer. 1929.

BRACKWASSER. By HEINRICH HAUSER. Leipzig: Philip Reclam Jun. 1929.

Reviewed by WALTER H. BROCKMANN

TWO German literary prizes of distinction, the Gerhart Hauptmann Preis and the Kleist Preis, have been awarded recently to two young authors. The theme of each involves the sea; there the resemblance ends.

The winner of the Kleist Preis of 1928 is a very young woman whose economical, suggestive style is comparable with Ernest Hemingway's. Tiredness, which seems to be the most pervasive quality of life to both young authors, shuffles through Anna Segher's story about an insurrection of an impoverished colony of Newfoundland fishermen, with a dreary scrape. But at the same time you hear the human sigh that Hemingway forgets.

"The Revolt of the Fishers of St. Barbara" is a short, though not a simple work. The evasive stuff of individual and class suffering is fashioned into a striking picture by a quick, ungroping penetration; the resulting style is staccato. The cause of the fishermen is lost. Aroused by hunger and unrestrained because of an undernourished spiritual life, primitive passions flare into a spasmodic mob rule; the instinctive revolt is ineffective against the organized forces that control the market and pocket the profit. It is a grim, stupid, unsocial rebellion motivated only by the simplest of all desires, that of something to eat.

Why someone nearer than this young German has not exploited this rich dramatic field is strange. Perhaps it is well that it has escaped observation. The result might have been a travel book. That this young woman, writing in approved modern tempo, handles this theme of human inequality with astonishing maturity, rather than precocity, is curious. It is as rare as "Riders to the Sea." All the tragedy is there, except that it stalks in the reality of human relationships instead of the vagary of chance. The author distinguishes herself by telling her story without political emphasis. She has fashioned literature out of good material for propaganda.

The author of the Gerhart Hauptmann Preis of 1929 book is Heinrich Hauser, who in the short course of his twenty-eight-year-old life has seen the world as a sea-cadet, a student, a factory worker, a sailor, and a journalist. "Brackwasser," which means "Stagnant Waters," is his first novel. It describes an episode of love which has its beginnings in the tropical seaport of Tampico, shifts to the dreary coast of the Baltic Sea, and ends back in the tropics. The sailor Glen falls in love with Chiquita, a young prostitute. They sail away to make their home in his little hovel in a German fisher village. They cannot make it go. No money. The sandy soil is sterile. Hours of toil without reward. A dreary winter capped by an inundation. Back to the stagnant waters of Tampico. Chiquita earns money again and Glen sails away.

Thanks to the author, the tropics have at last given us a story without palm leaves and other arabesques of unconvincing romanticism. Northern sobriety never loses sight of the universality of man's emotions, even in the spectacular tropics. Not that Hauser's book is colorless. But having seen the shores first hand he finds other shades than the binoculars of the deck-chair author and never mistakes squalor for picturesqueness or tawdriness for brilliance.

Hauser does some excellent reporting in the realm of all five senses. Vivid pictures are three-quarters of his story, not by fancy, but because his characters are creatures of a natural environment. It is refreshing to find an author who draws directly from the well of his own experiences without swamping his pages with philosophic irrelevancies. Hauser's work shows that the realistic novel need neither be dull nor distasteful.

Foreign Notes

IN 1926 Signora Lodi, daughter of the Italian poet, philologist, man of letters, and politician, Niccolo Tommaseo, found among the papers which had been left at his death the manuscript of his conversations with Manzoni which he himself had supposed lost. She presented them to the Biblioteca Nationale in Florence, and they now at last are seeing the light in a volume edited by her and issued under the title, "Colloqui col Manzoni di Niccolo Tommaseo" (Florence: Sansoni). The narrative is of much interest, presenting as it does an animated portrait of Manzoni, against a richly tapestried background of the political and social Italy and Europe of the first half of the nineteenth century.

⁂

An imposing volume on Florentine furniture of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries has recently appeared in Italy. It is by Mario Tinti, is a beautiful piece of bookmaking, and projects its account of the evolution of style in furniture against the psychology and customs of the times. It contains over 300 excellent illustrations.

⁂

Heinrich Eduard Jacob has written what is a vivid portrayal of the hectic period of inflation in Germany in a romance entitled "Jacqueline und die Japaner" (Berlin: Rowohlt). The story is well written, and vigorously conceived.

⁂

A new telephone exchange at Kenton, near Harrow, England, will be called "Wordsworth." Another at South Harrow is "Byron."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

BARBARIAN. By DICKSON SKINNER. Appleton. 1929. $2.

Stephen Winthrop, son of a long line of educators and public men, graduates from the Gothic and ivy of Princeton dominated by the idea that he must make a great deal of money and make it quickly. He wants a greal deal of it in order that he may reestablish the house of Winthrop on what he considers the only firm foundation, and he must make it quickly in order to marry Muriel Alexander.

He goes into Wall Street and starts making it. Once started he lets nothing obstruct him, and develops a hardness toward men that stand in his way that the more sensitive members of his family find distressing. Before he can accumulate enough money to marry Muriel, she marries his partner in order to save her father from bankruptcy and herself from poverty, the partner fortunately having inherited his money. Winthrop gets her eventually, but the years between have left them both rather shop-worn.

Mr. Skinner's theme is the demoralizing effect of the money ideal upon his chief character. Unfortunately there is an accompanying demoralization of the novel itself. The treatment is too superficial to carry the theme, and what started as quite effective characterization ends by being too much the mere development of a theory. One or two of the minor character portraits are nicely done.

CHAINS OF LIGHTNING. By JONATHAN BROOKS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.

Jonathan Brooks herewith comes galloping to the rescue of the Power Trust. With levelled pen he charges the spectre of Public Ownership, and puts it to rout. His protagonist, one of the electric power barons, is as fine a man as one would care to meet, and the villain of the piece is a professional public ownership agitator who turns out to be a crook.

The plot takes form when the magnate meets the senator who is leading the fight in Congress against the power interests and agrees to an investigation of how his vast holdings are run. This investigation is made by the daughter of the senator and the son of the magnate, who has been won over to the theory of public ownership. Both work for a year in the various departments and branches of the industry. At the end of that time all hands are convinced that Jase Wheeler, at least, runs his electric companies with the primary purpose of giving good service and getting a fair profit out of it. A contrasting picture is painted of the crookedness and incompetence attendant upon municipal operation. The story is taken up by each of the characters in turn, and interestingly told. Mr. Brooks writes competent fiction, even if his fiction is only an adornment to his argument. The public utilities people should be grateful for this defence of their cause.

SILVER CIRCUS. By A. E. COPPARD. Knopf. 1929. $3.

When a writer has mastered his technique as completely as has Mr. Coppard, great is he temptation to let it run riot, spending its powers without control. This temptation has confronted Mr. Coppard, and instead of fleeing from it, he has run toward it with open arms. As a result, this volume of stories, painfully shallow, confirms a long-standing suspicion that the author, while a consummately skillful craftsman, has never met his artistic problems squarely. He takes refuge from them in the quaint, the picturesque, and the merely decorative, for he possesses a nice sense of the "effective"—though it is true most of his effects are "literary" rather than genuine. Like all bad artists, he prefers a flashy, superficially attractive "effect" to that less dazzling but genuine merit that is the product of patient labor and reflection.

As a supreme example of technical cleverness allowed to play ducks and drakes with the more solid virtues of form, coherence, and direction, there is in this volume "The Ape and the Ass." Though some of these tales, as "Fine Feathers" and "The Presser," pretend to deal with human beings, Mr. Coppard will cheerfully sacrifice any human truth for a nice phrase or a pretty bauble of a conceit. He finds himself in the embarrassing position of a writer who, having completely mastered the means of expression, finds he has nothing in particular to say. Never has this been more painfully apparent than in this latest volume. Mental indigestion is the final result of reading these tales, so richly and aimlessly decorated, so lacking in substance.

LORD PETER VIEWS THE BODY. By DOROTHY L. SAYERS. Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.

Four of the twelve stories in this book have to do with hidden wills and legacies that can be found only by following clews concealed in cross-word puzzles, trick maps, and things of that sort. Some of the other stories deal with murder; there is one of those formulas that foreign governments are always trying to steal, criminal secret societies whose members are unknown to one another, and so on. Readers whom Lord Peter Wimsey amuses will find the book to their taste: most of the stories are slightly enough plotted to leave him plenty of room for his flippancies.

MOTHER MARY. By HEINRICH MANN. Translated by WHITTAKER CHAMBERS. Simon & Schuster. 1928. $2.50.

This novel of Heinrich Mann will hardly serve to introduce him to American readers, since, although it indicates many of his qualities and tendencies, it is a much slighter piece of work than his more typical, rather sociological, novels. He is accepted by many critics in Germany, and some in France, as of equal importance with his brother Thomas Mann, yet no one would think for a moment of comparing "Mother Mary" with "Buddenbrooks." A translation of Heinrich Mann's "Diana," announced for early publication, will give American readers at least a little more basis for estimating the author.

An outline of the complexities of "Mother Mary" would be of little service in revealing the essence of the novel. There is a pyrotechnical exuberance about the plot that reminds one of André Gide. The characters all act with an extra-frenetic energy which makes them at a distance seem like overwound automata. Strange deeds, strange people, and strange relationships make up the skeleton of the novel, but its living tissue is quite other. This tissue is, to sum up a very original achievement in a very banal phrase, the regeneration of a woman. The unholy love of Mann's Mother Mary for her worldly young son, with its intense self-bitterness and its culminating renunciation, is written to no sterile pattern but is worked out of the woman's tortured ego with a minuteness never disturbed by the accompanying clash of events and impinging personalities.

ALL IN A DAY. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Harpers. 1929. $2.50.

A study of the marriage relationship is by no means a new task for a novelist and Mr. Armstrong's title should not be taken so literally as to engender false hopes of freshness. The time covered here is quite as protracted as that of the usual novel, the author has simply reversed the customary method of procedure so that his book reads from the crisis backward and thence forward again to the very culminating point of the action. Only the events of the crucial day are given straightforwardly; all that precedes them is given through the reflections of the two characters: Christopher Brade and his wife, Rosamund. Rosamund has no understanding of men or men's love and what is a more serious deficiency, it never occurs to her that she lacks such an understanding. Her unreasoning egotism leads to her break with her first lover, Norman, and at last, flattered by Christopher's persistent wooing, she consents to marry him. After a year's happiness with him, a chance glimpse of Norman stirs her into dissatisfaction and she falls into an antagonism toward her husband that lasts for seven years. On the morning of the day which gives the book its name, Christopher questions his wife's attitude openly for the first time. He spends the day after his brief interview with her in a mood of retrospect that makes it impossible for him to return to his unsatisfying wretched existence. That evening he goes abruptly away.

Rosamund is unquestionably a neurotic, obsessed as she is with an absurd romanticization of the past, but in her habit of interpreting all in terms of herself, her sub-

(*Continued on next page*)

SIX MRS. GREENES
BY LORNA REA

Arnold Bennett says:

"All of it is good, and some of it is extremely good. The sketch of the wedding day of Mrs. Hugh Greene, in addition to being perfect, is really brilliant. Its modernness could not be surpassed, and yet, strange to relate, there is no trace of what we euphemistically term 'vulgarity' anywhere therein. It never cloys, it is never untrue, never sentimental, never cowardly in avoiding psychological facts."

SIX MRS. GREENES
BY LORNA REA

Frank Swinnerton says:

"The English Novel which I should 'tip' for the coming season is one called *Six Mrs. Greenes.* This book presents the reader with three generations of women who have married Mr. Greenes. There are two elderly women, two who are past their first youth, and two extremely modern girls. All are likable, all are truly and sympathetically seen—except one. But the story does not depend for its attractiveness upon the likable or dislikable traits of its characters it is very interesting, very vivid, and altogether charming."

SIX MRS. GREENES
BY LORNA REA

J. B. Priestley says:

"The most promising first novel I have read for some time. Both the old people and the young ones are alive, and their portraits are painted with unusual charm. We meet the youngest Mrs. Greene on her wedding day, and here Mrs. Rea has done a very bold thing: she has shown us a human being who is really happy."

A LITERARY TREAT

$2.50 AT ALL STORES ✣ HARPER & BROTHERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Awakens as many shudders and stabs of pain as a jazz band. . . . The beautiful illustrations by Aaron Douglas alone are worth the price of the book." —*Carl Van Vechten*

BLACK MAGIC

BY PAUL MORAND

From the primitive jungle, vibrating with the beat of tomtoms, into the din of the civilized world comes the spell of black magic. The Negress, who was the dancing sensation of Paris, the Black Emperor of modern Haiti, the heiress on a Cooks Tour to Africa—black men and women in Charleston, Harlem, on the Riviera felt the spell and yielded to the instincts and passions of their racial inheritance.

"Brilliant, profound, fantastic, amazing."—W. B. SEABROOK, author of "The Magic Island," in *The Herald Tribune.* $3.00

THE VIKING PRESS • NEW YORK

A community's culture may be measured by the extent to which it supports its bookshop

The Story of the Amazing Hun at Whose Name All Europe Trembled

A Biography as Fascinating as "Genghis Khan" and "Tamerlane"

ATTILA

THE SCOURGE OF GOD

By Marcel Brion

OUT of Asia came the thundering hordes of Huns led by the mighty Attila! All Christendom shuddered at his name! Rome trembled—Gaul cringed! . . . Here for the first time in English is the complete story of this great barbaric chieftain—soldier, strategist, statesman, indomitable conqueror who could outwit the best of the Roman generals, outfight the steel-clad legions, lose 200,000 men in a single battle and come back stronger than ever. A gorgeous, thrilling biography of an awe-inspiring figure whose astonishing life faded out on his wedding night. Fully illustrated. *At all booksellers.* $3.50

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., 7 West 16th St., New York

One of the lost novels of Melville—lost because it was too far in advance of its time

PIERRE

By Herman Melville

Author of *Typee, Moby Dick, Omoo,* etc.

A powerful picture of entangled blood relations—a stinging attack on the hypocrisy and snobbery of nineteenth century American society—a novel modern in approach to its daring theme.

"*Pierre* is unmistakably symbolic, Melville is dealing with one of the greatest and most insistent themes of nineteenth century literature." — John Brooks Moore, in his introduction. Preface by H. M. Tomlinson. $2.50

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 286-302 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

jection to her own distorted imagination, we recognize traits obviously generic. The force of these implications, nevertheless, is diminished when they are brought against a character like Christopher, phenomenally patient, uncoarsened by his business routine and his thwarted desires, a man who after seven years of hostile treatment is still romantically in love with his wife. Mr. Armstrong has reined in the thoughts of his people whenever they threaten to destroy the outlines of his scheme and he has written consistently with delicacy, wisdom, and clarity. His insight into the feminine temperament gives "All in a Day" a sound bid for attention.

THE YEARS BETWEEN. SECOND SERIES. III. The Secret of the Bastille. IV. The Heir of Buckingham. By PAUL FEVAL and M. LAWFEZ. Longmans, Green and Co. 1929. 2 vols boxed. $5.

The serious critics of the novel, like Mr. E. M. Forster, for instance, have frequently assured us that no formula is more artificial, more stereotyped, more ridiculously easy to imitate, than that of the adventure story as written by Dumas *père*, with its silhouettes of characters strung on a single, endless thread of narrative. In this simple faith, Messieurs Feval and Lassez continue the adventures of D'Artagnan, accompanied, as a guarantee of their originality by a figure labelled Cyrano de Bergerac, through a second division of that elastic space which separates "The Three Musketeers" from "Twenty Years After." Here are duels and embuscadoes, plot and counter plot, assignations, stolen tokens, pursuits, faithful and unfaithful mistresses and all the machinery which the elder Dumas borrowed or invented, rattling along as fast as ever it did under the hand of the master. And here are Dumas's characters—what were they ever, one French critic has asked, more than a plume, a sword, a mustache?—behaving as they invariably behaved. Even the English history is as refreshingly absurd as if it had been written in the reign of Louis-Philippe. A life-long lover of Porthos, Athos, and Aramis, one who has often sighed, in crass defiance of the critics, for more tales about them ought to be overjoyed. And yet—

Can the critics be wrong? Perhaps a formula in literature, need not be childishly easy merely because it is simple; perhaps characters lacking in emotional complexity, in presentation—as we have learned to say—"in the round," may not be lifeless automata at all. The stride of D'Artagnan is as different from the galvanic jerks of his present bloodless *Doppelgänger* as the gallop of a horse is different from the jolting rush of a subway train. The heroic guardsmen need no better proof of their authentic life than their refusal to impart that life to their impersonators. I think when next I finish "The Three Musketeers," I shall leave the years between in decent oblivion and go straight on to the graying veteran captain. I think I shall join a raw-boned youth and his yellow horse on the road to Paris this evening.

THE LAY CONFESSOR. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Stephen Graham, before the War, was taken with much seriousness as an interpreter of Russia to the West. The Russia which he interpreted was a mixture of the naturalistic and romantic. Mr. Graham had tramped all over European Russia on his own feet, from the White Sea to the Caucasus. He had slept on ovens, worn *lapki* in summer and *valenki* in winter, and consumed, first and last, no doubt, many hogsheads of weak tea.

He disdained towns and sophisticates and kept close to the soil of which he had seen so much. His writings reeked agreeably of the black earth, of shaggy little horses, sweat-soaked *shubas*, and hermetically-sealed peasant huts, but the peasants who filled this world were viewed in the romantic mood of the Tolstoyan return to "reality," as the reservoir of mysticism and simple faith, the simon-pure, unspoiled, natural man.

Since then, much water has gone over the wheel. The natural Russian man is not quite so charming as he used to be, viewed from afar, whether across a geographical gap or that created within Russia itself by the social barriers of the old régime. There is no longer the same piquancy in writing in English as Mr. Graham used to write—almost as if he were translated from the Russian. And now, after the old Russia has become a memory, and new Russian novelists of various sorts have been scattered abroad in translation, Mr. Graham elects to go back, and out of his observations of a decade or a generation ago, and doubtless much subsequent reading, to write an out-and-out work of fiction.

His story begins shortly before the Great War and continues down past the Bolshevik Revolution. There are many characters in it; some real, some fancied, and much that, in one way or another, is "Russian." Mr. Graham knows his background well enough, naturally, to attend to that. But knowledge of one's background doesn't make a novelist and as fiction Mr. Graham's leaves a good deal to be desired.

There is little characterization in the dialogue—the "lines," always sensible and informative enough, might often as well be spoken by one person as another—and there is less drama. The whole collection of persons, speeches, and more or less expository comment is not floated on any sustaining stream of emotion or given imaginative life. One reads on and on, expecting all the time to "come to something," and never quite gets there.

"The Lay Confessor" hasn't the value of Mr. Graham's earlier books on Russia, for while he seems now to have sentimentalized his Russia somewhat, it really was *his* Russia then, and he believed in his own picture. He was writing about things actually seen, touched, smelt, lived through, and his reporting had the tang that so often can only be supplied by the man on the spot. But those to whom Russia is still an unknown region may find Mr. Graham's novel readable enough, and be comforted, as they read, by the knowledge that its author knew the old Russia, particularly its countryside and the people met along the open road, as well, probably, as any foreigner of his day, and better than most.

WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED. By EDNA BRYNER. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

Edna Bryner has created a man. This is no portrait of the bridegroom; it is the bridegroom. And she has done it in a book calculated to drive the most patient and most admiring reader to the verge of frenzy over and over again. But the man is there. His existence is continually being threatened by his plunges into the banal or the axiomatic or by paragraphs or pages of side-issues tossed in upon him, yet always he escapes and moves on undiminished, trailing his clouds from which the glory has departed.

Miss Bryner has earlier, in "Andy Brandt's Ark," proved herself an adept at disentangling the separate threads of personality in a bad psychological snarl. In "While the Bridegroom Tarried" she does this for Alden Bennington and she does it thoroughly. When one is through with Bennington there is nothing left to know about him. If he ever did the right thing at the right time in all his life, it was in some situation so unimportant that it quite escapes notice. He tarries interminably and intolerably.

The story opens the night before his wedding. All is too frightfully well with the world. He has musical talent, he has business ability, he is to marry an admirable girl; the future stretches out before him smoothly, he will lightly, beautifully, step along its surface. But for once the gods have varied their procedure; whom they will destroy they have first made smug. In the midst of his self-congratulatory reminiscence the telephone rings. It is the girl he had always wanted but had not dared to aspire to. She tells him she has heard of his coming marriage, she wants him to know that she will never marry. His house of cards is down. He has accepted the suitable; he might have had the romantic.

"While the Bridegroom Tarried" tells the story of Bennington's factual life—his two marriages, his one love, his exile, his return, —but, without telling, it gives also his actual life: the strange shifting, solidifying, dissolving temperament; the self-haunted analysis going on continually below the action level, the utter inability to square his emotional life with the lives of those he loves or desires to love. This feat of Miss Bryner's is too subtle to permit of recapitulation. She has given the sources of personality that lie in secret places, but she has refrained from pointing them out as such. She has presented what might be called resultant character, with all the causes enfolded in it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Guilds

HEALTH WORK IN RUSSIA. By ANNA J. HAINES. New York: Vanguard Press. 1928. 50 cents

NEW SCHOOLS IN RUSSIA. By LUCY W. WILSON. The same.

SOVIET TRADE UNIONS. By ROBERT W. DUNN. The same.

Like most of the other Vanguard Press studies, both on Russia and on American imperialism, these three little volumes are intended, primarily, not for entertainment, but for those looking for a maximum of information at a minimum price. All three supply this, and if Mr. Dunn's is the most readable, that is doubtless due to his experience, in several jobs, as a director of publicity.

Miss Haines is a Quaker and a trained nurse. She had several years in Russia with the American Friends Service Committee, and she is planning now to return to Russia to establish a nurses' training school in Moscow, for which the Soviet Government has given its permission. She touches on many sides of health work, and in general accents the effort of the Soviet régime to "bring health to the people," as contrasted with old days, in which, while there were excellent medical schools and first-class research work, the great mass of peasants were left more or less to shift for themselves.

Mrs. Wilson is a veteran pedagogue, principal of the South Philadelphia High School, and broadened by travel in many countries, in which she studied educational methods. Indeed, she knows almost too much, or at least has read almost too much, about her subject. Her book can scarcely be said to be "written" at all, in the sense that her facts are passed through a clarifying temperament, or are used as the basis of a few understandable generalizations. Rather, observations (she made two visits to Russia) quotations, cross references, the names of this or that authority, are scooped together, hit or miss, and flung at her pages as you might fling so many handfuls of gravel at a barn door.

However, Mrs. Wilson believes that in Russia "for the first time in modern history, a new school has risen out of the *ethos* of the people . . . out of the life and experiences of a generation. And on these realities the world of nature, the world of work, and the world of human relations—they are building their schools." Russia, she finds, "is not an educational Utopia, but rather an educational laboratory, the experiments in which no educator can afford to ignore."

Mr. Dunn is thirty-three years old, a wartime Yale graduate, former acting director of the Civil Liberties Union, and a member of the technical and advisory staff of the American Trade Union Delegation to Russia in 1927. His conclusion, based on two visits to Russia and much first-hand study, is that the Russian workman is by no means the cowed and voiceless cog in a state-controlled machine which he is often represented to be abroad. He thinks that making all due allowances for the increased cost of manufactured articles, the Russian industrial worker has now approximately 80% more purchasing power for every hour of working time than he had in 1913. The Russian factory workman feels, in a real sense, that he is part-owner of the plant he works in, and while the unions fight for better wages and better conditions for their members, the fact that none of the profits go into the hands of private capitalists (except in the comparatively few privately-owned businesses, gives him an interest in production not usually shared by the worker abroad.

Miscellaneous

DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS. By *Howard W. Haggara, M.D.* Harpers. $5.

THE HISTORY OF THE DEVIL. By *R. Lowe Thompson.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

SPANISH IDIOM LIST. By *Hayward Keniston.* Macmillan.

A NEW "BAG OF TRICKS" FOR EVERY BUSINESS: The Subconscious Mind in Business. Obvious Adams. The Sixth Prune. The New American Tempo. Old Specification. By *Robert R. Updergraff.* Shaw. $4 the set. 75 cents the volume.

Philosophy

THE CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD. By *Jean Piaget.* Harcourt, Brace. $4.

THE USE OF PHILOSOPHY. By *John H. Muirhead.* Harvard University Press. $2.50.

PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION. By *Horatio W. Dresser.* Crowell. $3.

BERKELEY: ESSAY, PRINCIPLES, DIALOGUES. Edited by *Mary Whiton Calkins.* Scribners. $1.

IT'S NOT OUR FAULT. By *Alfred Lawrence Hall-Quest.* Liveright. $2.50.

EXPERIENCE AND NATURE. By *John Dewey.* Norton.

THE ANATOMY OF EMOTION. By *Edward William Lazell.* Century. $3.

New Novels
. . . that are worth while

THURMAN LUCAS
By Harlan Eugene Read

This is the story of an American Jean Valjean—a moving chronicle of love and loyalty, adventure and disaster, tragedy and pathos. You will not soon forget the lives of Thurman Lucas and Viola Baird. An engrossing story and a living picture of the working of legal justice. $2.00

VICTIM AND VICTOR
By John R. Oliver

"There are few others in our contemporary fiction that can measure up to it in appeal, in the keen understanding of human nature involved, or in the skillful and truly artistic drawing of human character." $2.50

INTO the WIND
By Richard Warren Hatch

"The story of a picturesque community and of one strong personality . . . although it carries as much physical action as you're likely to find in the more glamorous of thrillers, the novel remains a novel of character. $2.00

TREADMILL
By Lola Jean Simpson

Unusual in theme and treatment is this moving story of school teaching, of the effect of the American educational machine on pupils and teachers. Every parent should read it. $2.00

"Fine, Wise and Gallant Book"

MEMOIRS of a GOTHIC AMERICAN
By Anne Kavanagh-Priest

"A most powerful book . . . a great prose epic."

"As *The Grandmothers* was a Middle Western, so is this a feminine *Education of Henry Adams.*"

"Here is a book that doesn't fit into the pigeonholes . . . Give it a try . . . It is a book of singular vitality." $2.50

PETER GOOD for NOTHING
By Darragh Aldrich

"A virile romance of the north-woods, particularly of the lumber camps . . . It is a forceful, fascinating story, full of action . . . clearcut, clean." $2.00

Don't simply accept the best seller that is thrust at you—ask your bookseller to show you these worthwhile books.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Daisy and Ellen

By E. M. DELAFIELD

ARE Ellen Montgomery and Daisy Randolph still as well-known to American children as they are to English ones?

Not long ago, I was in that happy hunting-ground of Londoners, the Charing Cross Road, looking for old friends amongst what is officially known as "Juvenile Literature," and made some interesting discoveries, both as to the books themselves and as to their place in present-day nursery literature.

To begin with: that it is impossible to obtain a first, or even a very early, edition of Mrs. Sherwood's "Fairchild Family." Abridged editions exist in plenty—one of them with distressingly picturesque illustrations of Lucy and Emily Fairchild in elegant, frilled pantalettes and a profusion of curls that would have shamed the worldly Miss Augusta Noble herself. The original dark, sober volumes, without illustrations, in very small print, and with an immense and pious homily at the end of every chapter, can no longer be found. Nowhere, now, is that astonishing incident recorded, of Mr. Fairchild's visit to a cottage in which lay a corpse upon which he desired his three children to gaze, so that they might realize the corruption of the body to which all humanity is subject. The children who were to be thus enlightened, were aged, as far as I remember, eight, six, and four years old. The incident, however, proved too much even for the reading public of its date, and was suppressed in editions subsequent to the first one.

On inquiring for one of Miss Yonge's novels, I learned that "any book of Miss Yonge's goes into the window at once, and is usually bought within twenty-four hours."

Except for one or two of the very early ones, Miss Yonge's books are not at all difficult to obtain, so the implication would appear to be that there is still a very definite demand for her work. Indeed, I have several times tried the experiment of giving some of her books—the non-historical ones, as well as the classic "Little Duke" and "Chaplet of Pearls"—to preesnt-day children, and always with success. The criticism has usually been: "We like the children, because they are so real, and don't have too many adventures."

(Writers of school-stories, with lost wills, fatal accidents, and rescues from drowning, please note.)

It is certainly true that children have a strong instinct for characterization, in stories, and this, I think, is the reason why such books as "Little Women and Good Wives," and "What Katy Did," and others of the same type, are still liked. They depend mainly for their interest upon the development of character—and to say that it is this element that makes them popular is only another way of saying that the children of to-day can still recognize themselves in these portraits of the children of yesterday. Though I am bound to add that, in the case of "What Katy Did" the early, and unregenerate, days of Katy are invariably a great deal more popular than her later phase, of saintly invalidhood.

All this set me to remembering those old friends, "The Wide Wide World" and the three books about Daisy — "Melbourne House," "Daisy," and "Daisy in the Field."

Both Ellen and Daisy,—although the former has been, not altogether unjustly, accused of bursting into tears on every page of an extremely long book, and the latter was constantly admonishing her elders—were real, and consistently-drawn, little girls. Of the two, Ellen is, and always has been, my favorite, for, in spite of her tears, she had a sense of humor and she loved outdoor things. Her first practical experiences on a New England farm, after her life in New York, are delightful, and although we know that she wore white cotton stockings and pantalettes (the former of which her aunt Fortune unkindly threw into a tub of dye), there is nothing else in the account that might not equally apply to a child of to-day.

"The Wide, Wide World" is still read by English children, and so is a charming collection of short stories, supposed to have belonged to "Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf" and gathered together under that title. There is, however, a blot on that volume, in my eyes. It contains a story called "Mr. Rutherford's Children" which I first met in a tiny little booklet, wherein the children bore the picturesque names of "Sybil" and "Chryssa." But in "Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf" they are called plain "Mary" and "Edith"—for what reason, I can never imagine.

Daisy, of "Melbourne House," although far less endearing a personality than Ellen, was even more interesting to read about, since she lived continuously upon the dizzy verge of catastrophe, owing to her own cast-iron views of right and wrong, unshared by her parents.

On one occasion, the point at issue was the singing, by Daisy, at her mother's command, of a "worldly" song from "The Camp in Silesia." Daisy's conscientious reasons for refusing now appear wholly preposterous; but the frame of mind that possessed her, the non-comprehending vexation of her kindly father, and the coldly-tyrannical insistence of her unkindly mother, are as real as any conflict of the present day could be. There is the true quality of suspense, too, in the continual postponement of the crisis: Daisy's mother is inflexible, and the reader knows that she will never yield, any more than Daisy will. If it isn't one Sunday, then it will have to be the next. There is no arbitrary solution of the difficulty. On one occasion Daisy is saved by her father's intervention—which occurs quite naturally, on perfectly legitimate grounds, and without unseemly dissension between Mr. and Mrs. Randolph—and on another by an accident that takes her away from home. Throughout the whole book, Daisy, her parents, the guests in the house, and the servants and slaves on the estate, are psychologically consistent, and therefore convincing.

There is, however a good deal of unconscious humor about Daisy, as, for instance, when, full of grave doubts as to her father's ultimate salvation, she inscribes upon a sheet of notepaper the singular request: "Dear Papa, won't you think about being a Christian?" and places it inside his box of shaving-soap.

It remains to the credit of Mr. Randolph that he received this demonstration with calm, and in silence.

The classic utterance of Daisy's mother remains: "I'd as lieve not have a child as not have her obey me."

The two later books about Daisy afford a very vivid and detailed impression of Civil War days, from a social and civilian point of view. It need scarcely be said that Daisy, since her parents are Southerners, contrives to fall in love with an officer in the Northern Army, who eventually dies in the hospital to which she goes as nurse. Again, there is nothing in the account of Daisy's school-days that might not apply to modern school girls, excepting the fact that the girls sleep five or six in a bedroom, address one another as "Miss," and drop curtseys on occasion.

It would seem unfair to write about Daisy without saying anything about Fleda, of "Queechy." But Fleda, at any rate in England, never enjoyed the same popularity, partly, perhaps, because her tears flowed even more copiously than those of Ellen, and partly because her English lover, the haughty Mr. Carleton, represented the conventional type of Englishman, rather than any recognizable type of human being.

I have seen copies of all these American children's books in almost every class of English home, their popularity only slightly diminished in the third generation. They are read, and liked, not because the problems of their heroines come, even remotely, within the sphere of present-day experience, but because the personalities depicted are true to life. Daisy, for all her sententiousness, is real, just as Ellen is real.

I am sure that it is this quality of characterization that largely accounts for the popularity, on both sides of the Atlantic, of the Dr. Dolittle books. The Doctor is a real person; his animals have real individualities. The stories, in fact, represent the ideal combination for the intelligent child-reader: sound characterization (what I have called "real people") and *also* a sufficiency of fantastic adventure.

The day will probably come when John —then Mr. Brown—or Mary—become Mrs. Robinson will wander up and down the Charing Cross Road, or its equivalent, eager to recapture the magic of the past, by means of an ancient fourth- or fifth-hand copy of a childish story-book. And there are, happily, books that will triumphantly surviv the test.

Reviews

THE BOYS' LIFE OF JOHN BURROUGHS. By DALLAS LORE SHARP. Century. 1928.

Reviewed by HENRY S. CANBY

THIS is a really excellent biographical sketch of one of the great figures in our American relationships with the woods, the birds, and nature generally. Burroughs has often been sentimentalized, but here he emerges as a kindly, very human figure, full of quirks and indecisions, but driving nevertheless always toward his goal of a better adjustment between man and his natural environment. He had a great capacity for friendship and this enriches his biography also, for Whitman, of whom he was one of the earliest and staunchest admirers comes in, and Roosevelt, and many more. It is a book strongly to be recommended to young people who love the woods, and can profit by a sense of the tradition of love and enjoyment and better knowledge which men like Audubon and Thoreau and Burroughs have carried on. Mr. Sharp, of course, was particularly fitted for his biographical task.

INDIAN HEROES. By J. WALKER MCSPADDEN. Crowell. 1928. $2.

THIS is the sort of book which each young generation demands be rewritten for it in the light of the time in which it appears. All the stories have been told many times, with no other excuse than that they are worth telling. If Mr. McSpadden brings no new light of history to bear upon the incidents he does bring, perhaps, a more human feeling toward the heroes of his selection.

The selections are excellent and include among the well known names of Pocahontas, King Philip, and Tecumseh, others less familiar, Squanto the friend of the Pilgrims, and Tammany the friend of William Penn with whom was made the treaty "never sworn to and never broken." In old accounts of the chief of the Lenapes, he is sometimes referred to as St. Tammany or Tamanend, the "Well-thought-of," who came as near to canonization as any Indian who ever lived, so far as veneration can do that for any man.

The various lives of heroes are selected to give wide geographical reference and historical sequence from the arrival of the white men at the island of Manhattan to the capture of Geronimo, the last of the warlike Apaches. The book is competently illustrated and should prove a welcome addition to the Indian library of every American child.

NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

25th Thousand

Edwin Arlington Robinson's New Poem

CAVENDER'S HOUSE

"A creation deeply and majestically beautiful."

"It exhibits, in fine, not only Robinson the poet, with his shrewd drawing of men and women, his power to evoke atmosphere, his gift of music, but also Robinson the man, with his dry humor, his essential seriousness, his philosophy of resigned if sorrowful agnosticism." $2.00

"Fascinating reading"

INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE

By R. W. G. Hingston

"A remarkable study of the individual and community life of insects." $2.50

Fifth Large Printing

THE NATURE of the PHYSICAL WORLD

By A. S. Eddington

"Thrilling, amazing, fascinating."
"Luminous and beautiful book." $3.75

An Unforgettable Novel

THURMAN LUCAS

By Harlan Eugene Read

This is an engrossing story of an American Jean Valjean, and a living picture of the working of legal justice. You will not soon forget the lives of Thurman Lucas and Viola Baird. $2.00

"Deliciously Different"

THE LITANY of WASHINGTON STREET

By Vachel Lindsay

"Somebody should offer a prize to the person who can find one dull paragraph in this book—it won't cost a cent." $3.00

The Isthmian Highway

By Hugh G. Miller

A review of the problems of the Caribbean, for which James M. Beck has written an introduction and Don Miguel Cruchaga a foreword. $4.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 FIFTH AVENUE ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children's Bookshop

DOWN IN THE GRASS. By HAROLD KELLOCK. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNE HAIGHT

THE small amount of enduring literature written for children is perhaps the clearest indication of the difficulty inherent in this type of writing. Sir Walter Scott tried it with his "Tales of a Grandfather" and failed. Many others before and after him have done likewise, for the dangers to be encountered in writing a child's book are both subtle and numerous. In trying to be instructive an adult is very apt to be boring, while his attempts to amuse children far too often attain a degree of silliness not far removed from hysteria, but very far from being funny to a child. The author of juvenile books is writing for perhaps the most critical class of readers in the world, for his work must meet the simple, frank, impatience that goes with childhood. Therefore it is always interesting when a well-known author of general literature enters this difficult field, and it is particularly so when this first attempt clearly embodies those qualities requisite to a really successful child's book.

In "Down in the Grass," Mr. Harold Kellock, the author of "Parson Weems" and "Houdini: His Life Story," has written a book which, though amusing and amazingly instructive, will never prove boring to his readers. The story starts rather bromidically with the "Alice in Wonderland" trick of eating and then growing smaller and smaller until the young hero, Bobbie, had to stop for fear of shrinking to nothing at all. Fortunately, however, he remains the size of "half your thumb" and then the fun down in the grass begins and he becomes acquainted with all the insects.

The home life of the insect is much stranger than fiction, but Mr. Kellock treats it in a most matter-of-fact way in relating the adventures of Bobbie. No child would ever dream, as he becomes absorbed in the kaleidoscopic events under the ground, on the earth, and in the air, that he is learning a great deal of Natural History, so subtly is it done. The combination of scientific fact and humorous and exciting adventure is cleverly written in a conversational style. The story, which sparkles with wit and never lags in its interest, is of the type to be appreciated and enjoyed by all ages.

The illustrations by Kirt Wiese are well done and most appropriate. The physical make-up of the book is excellent.

ABDUL. By WINTHROP B. PALMER. Illustrated by CORWIN K. LINSON. Macmillan Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

SOMEWHERE in the days before the movies spoiled our taste for the stationary, there was a thing dear to our childhood known as the stereopticon view. It had a glamor all its own. The very fact that the action was arrested made the scene seem less fleeting and gave it a significance beyond immediate reality. Mr. Palmer's "Abdul" has much this same quality. The constant background of the Nile valley pervades the book. There is a story, to be sure, but it is of the small activities of daily life which jog tranquilly along, changing the details, but not the large outlines of the scene.

Children who like to see how life is transformed by its surroundings will find this story of a little Egyptian boy of today very absorbing. Because it is so simply told they will catch much of the Egyptian atmosphere, as well. Mr. Palmers style is pleasantly devoid of mannerism. Illustrations by Mr. Linson, while following well the spirit of the book, satisfactorily complete an authentic glimpse of a life in interesting contrast with that of any American child.

THE STORY OF BOOKS. By ERNESTINE EVANS. City and Country Series. Harpers. 1928. $1.25.

This is a slight book covering a great field with a "hop-skip-and-a-jump." It is pleasantly written and reads so fast that a child of eleven said, "It's interesting because it changes the subject before it gets dull."

This child was one whose interest had previously been aroused through book-making, printing, and trips to the presses of more than one large publishing house. But to the child who has never made a book, printed a line of type, or visited any sort of a printing establishment it would be more likely to seem one of those awful books that unfriendly aunts send at Christmas time for one's good instead of for one's pleasure.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

N. T. L., Ocean Grove, N. J., after reading "The Bishop Murder Case," finds himself "consumed with the desire to read something written for the layman about the great new mathematics and physics of Einstein and the others," and would like information about "books approaching these subjects in a descriptive manner that would be understood by the average college graduate."

I HOPE Philo Vance does not represent the average college graduate. The very idea that an A. B. would make a man talk like that should discourage the endowment of higher education. I suppose A. S. Eddington's "The Nature of the Physical World" (Macmillan) would be too elementary for P. V., but it would keep most of us busy for one while, and many of us passionately interested. Beginning with "the downfall of classical physics," it describes the new ideas of relativity, time, gravitation, the quantum theory, man's place in the universe, and other means by which the spirit of man is now trying to get its bearings in the cosmos. These are the Gifford Lectures for 1927; the style is as direct as if the reader were listening. "The New Reformation," by Michael Pupin (Scribner), is another work that will reward the non-technical-minded reader; it is a history of the progress of ideas in this inventor's special province. Crew's "The Rise of Modern Physics" (Williams & Wilkins) is a valuable work. There is the marvellous A. N. Whitehead, who can, in "Science and the Modern World" and "Religion in the Making" (Macmillan), come down from the higher reaches of thought bringing gifts for the spirit of man; who can make even the principles of mathematics readable by the non-mathematical, in his little "Introduction to Mathematics" (Holt). His "Concept of Nature" and "The Principles of Relativity with Application to Physical Science" (Macmillan) move in these higher reaches of the mind. Whitehead reached me through the friend whose house I shared so long, to whom his books were dear; she had always a nostalgia for eternity, and now that she has gone back home I somehow do not like to talk about philosophical matters with other people.

Sometimes readers ask me if the new physics has registered in fiction as yet. If you would like to see the Quantum Theory and other phases of the new physics hit a mighty good novel and knock it all to pieces, read Mary Borden's "Jehovah's Day." If you would like to watch a well-assured technique keep a novel riding the surge of the new concept of time, read Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" or "To the Lighthouse."

L. M. G., Geneseo, N. Y., is at work on a term paper on the teaching of "Treasure Island"; plenty of material is available about R. L. S., but little about the book. Whatever may be collected will enhance not only this paper, but the teaching of a grammar school class next year.

SOMEHOW the idea of teaching "Treasure Island" does not exactly fire my spirit; this is the kind of book to be read by stealth under parental ban, to get the right thrill. Not that there is the least reason for banning it: as D. B. Wyndham-Lewis says in an essay preserved in the "New Book of Sense and Nonsense" just added to Everyman's Library, ". . . not a single wicked word is actually uttered by any pirate whatsoever in Stevenson's 'Treasure Island'; partly because, no doubt, these mariners were in advance of their period, and partly also because Stevenson's publisher would not allow any oaths, the book being written for boys. This I consider socially a benefit but artistically a blemish." Oh well, we thought a war play could not be written without as many oaths as "What Price Glory"—until we heard "Journey's End." In the park under my window the Lincoln School plays ball every afternoon and the general public on Sundays and holidays; on these latter occasions the air is blue—all in good part, but they just can't seem to get up steam without it. The Lincoln School, however, has to do without this stimulus. Curiously enough, it plays better ball.

The Riverside Literature Series publishes (Houghton) a "Treasure Island" with notes and topics for study; there are these and questions for a class in the edition published by the University Publishing Company (University Classics); there are notes by Wilbur Cross in the one in Macmillan's Pocket Classics; the book is one of those treated in M. E. Kingsley's pamphlet "Outline Studies in Literature" (Palmer). It may interest the class to know that the book may be found in dramatic versions, in three acts by Ruth Kimball (Baker) and in five by Beulah Chamberlain (Sergel's Acting Drama); that Appleton as well as Heath publish it in Spanish with notes as "La isla del tesoro" and Nelson as "L'ile au trésor," while in the Mount Hope Classics published by Prentice, Wall street, N. Y., may be found "Insula thesauraria: latine interpretatus est Arcadius Avellanus," which may contrive a double debt to pay in the curriculum.

L. A. H., Elyria, O., will tour this summer in the New England States; how about books for planning a route of historic as well as scenic interest?

"TOURING New England on the Trail of the Yankee," by W. C. Whiteside (Penn) is a large book with pictures helpful in planning a journey; so is the record of travels in T. D. Murphy's "New England Highways and Byways from a Motor Car" (Page). "Along New England Roads," by W. C. Prime (Harper) is another helpful volume. The famous "Highways and Byways" series (Macmillan) that covers so much of England and part of France has one on "New England," by Clifton Johnson, much used by tourists. The same author's "New England and its Neighbors" is published by Macmillan. Knowlton Mixer's admirable account of "Old Houses of New England" (Macmillan) will sharpen the attention of even a languid back-seat tourist; this book is valuable also to anyone thinking of building a house in the country and looking for well-seasoned ideas to incorporate. For one who intends to step off along the way, even for brief intervals, "The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees," by Mary C. Crawford (Page), is enlightening, and for one who wishes to get the inwardness of the charm of Boston, Miss Crawford's books about it are delightful, "Romantic Days in Old Boston" (Little) and "Old Boston Days and Ways" (Little). Many famous buildings of this part of the country are described and pictured in Elsie Lathrop's "Early American Inns and Taverns" (Lippincott), including the historic inn occupied until lately by Zephine Humphrey, the house that figures not only in the history of Vermont, but most lovingly in her latest book, "Chrysalis" (Dutton) as the great house from which the family turns away, with reluctance but to save its soul, in order to build a smaller one.

I hope these travellers will look at Alice Mary Kimball's "The Devil is a Woman" (Knopf) either before they go or after they return. These novelettes in verse remind one of no other poetry save—faintly—of Robert Frost's, but they bring New England into the picture for anyone who knows and either loves or fears the country. These poems have a rugged native vitality: it is interesting to see strong new green shoots on the old tree—this book, and the vigorous and juicy novel "Back to Stay," the novel by Jonathan Leonard that the Viking Press now publishes, but that the author set up and sent out himself at first, not to be downed by editorial refusals.

C. C. F., Richmond, Va., asks for a list of titles useful to one contemplating a visit to Cuba.

THE "Baedeker" is T. P. Terry's "Guide to Cuba," published by Houghton. A general survey of history and present conditions popular with travelers is "Cuba Past and Present," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Dodd), revised to date not long since. The latest additions to informative literature include "Our Cuban Colony," by L. H. Jenks (Vanguard) and "When it's Cocktail Time in Cuba," by the sophisticated Basil Woon (Liveright). "Due South," by M. M. Ballou (Houghton), concerns Cuba, and so does "To Cuba and Back" (Houghton) by R. H. Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast." There is a little book, "Cuba" by F. Fairford (Macmillan, with colored plates, one of the "Peeps at Many Lands". The standard history is C. E. Chapman's "History of the Cuban Republic," (Macmillan).

Out of Print—Out of Date

WHY do books go out of print? (Perhaps, at the risk of seeming tedious to the initiated, we should explain that a book "out of print" is a book unobtainable except by chance at a second-hand book store, the original publisher having sold out his edition, and gone on to other things.)

TO go out of print does not mean that a book has been unsuccessful. On the contrary, it may have sold in large quantities, reached a public in six figures, and reaped rewards for publisher, author, and printer. But a book that has been in demand—even a book that has been fabulously popular—and then finally gone out of print, is a book that has gone out of date. One generation's best-sellers are the next generation's antiquated curiosities.

TOMORROW'S best-seller quickly replaces today's; but good books never go out of date. A best-seller list made up for a year is filled with books selling from 50,000 to 200,000 copies in that year. But a best-seller list made up for twenty-five years is quite a different list of books. For this will contain the books that sell from 5,000 to 10,000 copies the first year, the same number the second year, the tenth year, and so on indefinitely.

THESE are the books that never go out of print. They are first discovered by intelligent readers—readers who have minds and interests of their own, who read books for the books contain, and not merel cause the rest of the world is re them. The world reads a new because it is timely; an old book because it is for all time. Intelligent readers are reading today the books that the world will read tomorrow.

IT is a matter of interest that one publisher, over a period of five years, has built up a list out of which only one book has gone out of print. All the others, fifty-nine to be exact, have become established as a necessary part of the stock of a good bookstore, or of the contents of a good library.

Here are some of them:

By Bertrand Russell
OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD $3
SCEPTICAL ESSAYS $2.50
PHILOSOPHY $3

By John Dewey
EXPERIENCE AND NATURE $3

By John B. Watson
BEHAVIORISM $3
PSYCHOLOGICAL CARE OF INFANT AND CHILD $2

By Everett Dean Martin
THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION $3
PSYCHOLOGY $3

By H. A. Overstreet
ABOUT OURSELVES $3
INFLUENCING HUMAN BEHAVIOR $3

By Paul Bekker
THE STORY OF MUSIC $3.50

By Franz Boas
ANTHROPOLOGY AND MODERN LIFE $3

IT is this publisher's aim to continue to publish books that will live

(Did you see our special prize offer in the Saturday Review of March 23rd? Write for extra copies.

70 Fifth Avenue New York

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.

Books That Live

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your favorite books . . . the classics of the world's literature . . . Illustrated by the foremost artists and made into volumes of surpassing beauty by the foremost designers of books . . .
Exclusively for the members of
The Limited Editions Club

ONLY FIFTEEN HUNDRED
APPLICATIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED
FOR SUBSCRIBING
MEMBERSHIP

To furnish, to lovers of beautiful books, unexcelled editions of their favorite works . . . to place beautifully printed books in the hands of booklovers at commendably low prices . . . to foster in America a high regard for perfection in bookmaking . . . by publishing for its members twelve books each year, illustrated by the greatest of artists and planned by the greatest of printers . . . this is the purpose of The Limited Editions Club.

The books already planned for the first year are well-known general classics, the kind of books you are proud to own and to read and re-read; yet they have never before been issued in editions similar to these. They represent the finest achievements of bookmaking: in hand-set types, on hand-made papers, in fine bindings. And at *low prices!*

These books are being planned and printed for the members of The Limited Editions Club by the greatest of known printers: DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE, JOHN HENRY NASH, T. M. CLELAND, CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS, EDWIN GRABHORN, FREDERIC W. GOUDY, WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE and others.

These books are being illustrated for the members of The Limited Editions Club by the greatest of illustrators: W. A. DWIGGINS, C. B. FALLS, RUDOLPH RUZICKA, JOHN HELD, JR., EDWARD A. WILSON, RENÉ CLARKE, ALLEN LEWIS and others.

The members of The Limited Editions Club will be the possessors of some of the finest specimens of bookmaking in printing history, books to be proud to own, books which are certain to become more and more valuable in the future. If you are interested in securing a membership for yourself, please write us for our prospectus.

THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB
551 Fifth Avenue · New York

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins and Gilbert M. Troxell

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

The Type Facsimile Reprints

POPE'S "Dunciad," the sixteenth issue in the above series, and the largest in number of pages so far issued, suggests a consideration of these modern brochures. For they are scarcely more than that in their becoming eighteenth-century dress of marbled paper wrappers.

The titles now available in this series include Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe," published in 1924 (the first of the series), Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," Gray's "Elegy" and "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," Smart's "Song to David," and other poetical pieces of the Restoration period and the eighteenth century. The reprints are from the first or other very early editions, many of them in the collection of Mr. T. J. Wise. There is a short note to each issue, giving the provenience of the copy used, with some other small amount of information; in general, the plan is to let each reprint stand on its own feet, without the impertinence of footnote and exegesis. Even variant readings are scarcely noted. As a result the reader is brought face to face with a work of literary art.

The details of printing of these issues are interesting. The title, "Type Facsimile Reprints," is not, strictly speaking, accurate. Even the resources of the Oxford University Press are not sufficient to permit a literal type facsimile reprinting of these titles. The earliest of them antedated Caslon, and even after his types had largely supplanted the older faces, there were old fonts in use. Oxford, of course, has its great pre-Caslon face in the Fell type, and it is liberally used in these reprints. But there were diverse odd fonts used in the originals which no office can possibly match to-day, with the result that there are occasional relapses from exact copying. Then again, since one man's work can never be exactly copied by someone else, slight discrepancies will occur in spacing. So an exact and literal reprinting is out of the question.

The verisimilitude is, however, astonishing, and the lapses can only be detected by a careful comparison of the original and the reprint. For the purpose, the resemblance is close enough. And the minute care which must be taken in the type setting is apparent. No such attempt at faithful reproduction is made with the paper: the paper mill of the Oxford Press at Wolvercote has provided a suitable but unostentatious sheet which is used throughout the series. An attempt has been made to keep the original size and margins, so that the series represents all varieties of format.

The price at which the different brochures are issued ranges from about $1.50 to about $2.50—prices which for the small editions provided (550 copies) is reasonable enough. Most of these pieces can be obtained in the original form only at a high figure; some of them are unobtainable at any price. Hence it is a very real service to provide such attractive reprints at prices which the ordinary man can pay. And there is a good deal to be said for reading eighteenth-century literature in a form so nearly approaching that of the first issues. This seems to me "archæological printing" of a defensible sort. R.

Modern Presses

NOTHING is harder to come at than information about contemporary affairs. When an institution or set of institutions gets important enough, a year book is born; for the reviewer's purpose a typographic yearbook would be invaluable. The nearest approach to such a volume is "A Select Bibliography of Modern Presses, Public and Private, in Great Britain and Ireland," edited for The First Edition Club of London by G. S. Tomkinson, with an introduction by B. H. Newdigate. The title is not wholly clear, as The Daniel Press, founded in 1845, is included; nor wholly satisfactory, for some recent presses, such as the Fanfrolico and the Scholartis do not appear. The bibliographical entries are short, but of sufficient length to indicate to any but the most intense of collectors the issues of each press.

Inventiveness has not been the distinguishing characteristic of British presses. The Kelmscott Press, of course, did create a new style, but except for Morris's revolutionary endeavors the numerous presses mentioned in this book (there are eighty-two) have been content to work over the excellent material available for the English printer, to develop wood engraving along conventional lines, and to issue a very limited number of books. Nothing like the fertility of the modern German press, in matters of type, or the very effective schemes for illustrations (etchings, stencil color work, etc.) of the French books, has marked the course of British printing. Instead the British printer has worked industriously with Caslon and Fell type, and a few extremely interesting faces like the Kelmscott, Vale, Doves, Ashendene, and Essex House types.

One of the fascinating features of the progress of British printing has been the ease with which new presses of considerable merit have been established. Some of Mr. Tomkinson's presses are credited with only a single book; many are given with half a dozen books to their names. The English genius for doing things in a simple, human-scale sort of way is exemplified. For one thing, the possibility of establishing a hand-press is easier in England than here. Over there, there are hand-presses to be got which are fully equipped to print books, and here, there are none save at a prohibitive price. Furthermore, hand-printing in England is not yet a lost art as it is here, and the English temper accepts so unostentatious a way of printing. A few hundred pounds sets up a printing-office in England which easily competes with the largest establishments. In America we assume that any printing-office must have a huge initial outlay to be worth while. Hence in England it is possible to have variety (within certain limits) and to allow individual capacity a considerable scope.

Mr. Tomkinson's book gives a good deal of information about the various presses, many photographic facsimiles of typical pages, and lists of issues. There is an excellent introduction by Mr. B. H. Newdigate of the Shakespeare Head Press. R.

"Bad Books"

RECENT issues of the "Arabian Nights" raises the question of why such books are not better printed. Personally I am inclined to think that the evil reputation of such books as "Casanova's Life" and the "Arabian Nights" may be due to the very bad typographical formats in which they have been issued! One has only to look at the pages of the Calcutta edition of Burton to have one's teeth set on edge. The recent reprint of that classic, as well as Machen's translation, do not do much to restore one's equanimity.

Some years ago the Merrymount Press issued Cellini's "Life" in a fine dress; for once a great human document is available in a form which is thoroughly satisfactory. Casanova has had the good fortune to be illustrated by Rockwell Kent in a manner as fine as could be wished for: his all-too-few pictures for that masterpiece are incomparable. Why, then, should not Burton's amazing translation and annotation of one of the world's really great books receive the treatment which it deserves? Here is a publishing venture which should be rescued from the filthy hands of the *entrepreneurs* of salaciousness and given adequate treatment in type and picture.

I suspect that the real reason for including such books as those that I have mentioned, as well as the "Decameron" and others which will occur to the reader, among the oddities of classification "Curiosa," is that they are all most indecently printed! Not that I think the censors would know the difference between good printing and bad, but a really well printed "Nights" could be kept on the book shelf, and not in the coal-hole! R.

"Before you're through with this job you'll wish you'd been born a girl baby!"
said the head of a great wrecking company to the man who undertook to raise the S-51. But in murky darkness where searchlights shone only a few feet . . . down where a sudden slip meant almost certain death . . . their only link with life, over 20 fathoms of rubber air hose,—a group of men battled day after day tunneling under the submerged submarine. Your heart will skip many a beat as you read of the exploits these Navy divers performed single-handed down in the terrible twilight of the ocean floor. "On the Bottom" is a tale of modern heroism told as no one but Commander Ellsberg, the man who directed the mighty feat, could tell it.
85,000 copies required to meet advance sale
ON THE BOTTOM
By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG
$3.00 At All Stores
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, 449 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Notable Italian Exhibit

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY last summer placed on exhibition a large collection of books by Italian writers of to-day and yesterday which attracted much attention. This exhibition has now been made a permanent one, and is housed at 18 West 33d Street, New York. Much attention has been given to the fitting up of the room, and it is the intention of the sponsors, the Italian association of publishers—to make Italian books available to purchasers as well as to those who want to look at the exhibit. There is a peculiarly comprehensive exhibit of Dante, offering unusual opportunities for the proper study of typography—the examination of successive printings of the same book through the ages.

"The Anderson Books"

IN spite of an announcement written in the current florid style of "promotion literature," a style so absurd that it is difficult to find out what the announcement is all about, the prospectus of the Anderson Books, sent out by Carl J. Anderson of Philadelphia, is of some moment. If I understand Mr. Anderson's plan it is to issue six books a month at $5.50 a volume, which shall be in all essentials "fine printing." What makes books cost so much per volume is that fine books are issued in small editions: Mr. Anderson's plan is for unlimited issues of books carefully designed and well printed. The scheme has much to commend it to everyone except the "investor," whose needs have been pretty generously looked after of late. This is an attempt to supply the average purchaser with fine books at low price. It is a sound plan, and the outline so far as one can see promises good value for the money. No list of designers is given, but "Treasure Island," "Knickerbocker's New York," "Tristram Shandy," "Huckleberry Finn," "Typee," "Elia," "Vanity Fair" Cellini's "Autobiography," and "The Four Million" are already in hand. It is an ambitious and commendable undertaking, and will be watched with interest. R.

Nicolas Jenson's Will

IT is recorded that a visitor in an editorial office picked up a book and said, "Is this the latest McMurtrie book?" "Oh, no," replied the editor, "that is last week's; here is this week's book." There is no more indefatigable issuer of books than Mr. McMurtrie, although most of his issues can hardly in fairness be called books. Perhaps his own facetious designation of them as "visiting cards" is not inaccurate. But the latest gift from him, by way of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, is quite the most interesting I have seen. It is an English translation of "The Last Will and Testament of Nicolas Jenson," now first rendered out of the Latin by Pierce Butler of the Newbery Library, Chicago. It is a curiously readable document, illuminating the financial success of the great Venetian printer, and his care for his friends and dependents. The printing is very nice: a new type face designed by Ernst Detterer on the lines of Jenson's roman is used, and very well printed on fine paper. R.

Pocket Books Redecorated

"ANDALUSIA," by Somerset Maugham, has been issued in the Borzoi Pocket Books with decorative elements designed by W. A. Dwiggins for future use in this series. These decorations include wrappers, cover design, and end papers, which give these handy volumes a fresh and pleasant dress. Dwiggins's work in "pure design" lends itself admirably to this use, and in the present case improves the general effect of the volumes. The series is set in readable, though not very lovely, type, and the volumes are of a convenient size and price. R.

JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AUTOGRAPHS

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

FAMOUS AUTOGRAPHS WANTED. Owners of valuable letters from celebrities should communicate at once with Walter D. Benjamin, the world's most famous dealer in autographs. Send for price list of rare autographs he has for sale. Every collector should subscribe for The Collector, Mr. Benjamin's interesting monthly. $1 a year. 578 Madison Avenue. Est. 1887.

BARGAIN OFFERS

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS announce the Arrival of Choice and Extensive Collections of Books acquired on our recent Buying Expedition Abroad. Here will be found Thousands of Books in all Branches of Literature, Art, History, Philosophy, Classics, Folklore, etc., etc.; Fine Library Sets; Choice Bindings; Extra-illustrated Books; First Editions of Esteemed Authors, Old and Modern. An Unrivalled Collection of Shaw and Galsworthy in Firsts, Autographed Copies, Letters and Manuscripts. Old, Rare and Curious Books. Splendid Examples of the Ashendene, Doves, Kelmscott and Nonesuch Presses. First Editions of Gibbon's Rome, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Chesterfield's Letters, Boswell's Johnson, Gray's Poems, etc. A Unique Collection of Walter Crane's Original Pen and Ink, and Water Color Drawings; Fine Prints, including Reproductions of Modern Masters, and a Choice Collection, the Graphic Work of the French Romantic School; Delacroix, Daumier, Gavarni, etc. As these shipments arrive, they are reasonably priced for a quick turnover, and no Collector, Librarian and Booklover in general should miss this opportunity to pick up at reasonable Prices Items that are increasingly difficult to find and constantly rising in value. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street, New York. Open until 10 P. M. Do not fail to visit our Annex (around the corner), 8 West 13th Street, open until 6 P. M., known to the Trade as the "Happy Hunting Ground."

SCHULTE'S BARGAINS—Mark Twain's Fireside Conversation 1601, limited edition, $2.50; Christopher Morley's Powder of Sympathy, first edition, $1.50; Morley's Religio Journalistici, first edition, $1.00; Stiles' History of Bundling in America, $2.50; Experiences of Flagellation, series of remarkable whippings inflicted on persons of both sexes (privately printed), $3.50; History of Flagellation, illustrated, $1.50; Westropp-Wake's Ancient Symbol Worship, illustrated, $3.00; Pierre Louys' Aphrodite, unabridged translation, $3.00. Catalogues free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

UNEXPURGATED TRANSLATIONS at drastic reductions. Decameron; Rabelais; Droll Stories; Satyricon of Petronius, etc. Renaissance Book Co. (Room 3), 131 West 23rd Street, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF ALL magazines. Magazine excerpts. List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOK-BINDING AND Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs. Exclusive Best Imported Materials. Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book & Binding Co., 240 West 23rd St., New York City.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 TO $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

FIRST EDITIONS

BARRIE, BENNET, Carroll, Galsworthy, Kipling, Montague, Stephens, and Shaw are some of the interesting people whose first editions are listed in a new catalogue issued by the Walden Book Shop, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

FIRST EDITIONS AND miscellaneous books. Catalogue on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPH material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York.

COLLECTORS ARE INVITED TO send for new list of Modern First Editions and Fine Presses now ready. Benjamin Hauser Book Shop, 1285 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE OF Unusual and Rare Books. Rowfant Bookshop, Inc., 103 E. 59th Street, New York.

FOREIGN BOOKS

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Spanish books and periodicals. Catalogues. Books for the study of all languages. Our experience of over seventy years will serve you. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington, Boston, Mass.

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

THE NIEL MORROW LADD BOOK CO. (formerly of 646 Fulton St., Brooklyn) is now located at 265 *Flatbush Ave.*, only one block from the Bergen St. subway station. Twenty-five thousand used books, like new, carefully classified and priced plainly. A modern, well kept, well lighted bookstore it will be a pleasure to visit. Open evenings until 9 P. M. Niel Morrow Ladd Book Co., 265 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (Phone Nevins 6920.)

GELBER LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, offer Hakluyt and Purchas Voyages second and rarest edition, also complete collection Voyages.

GENERAL

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

O'MALLEY BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable, expert service. Open evenings.

SEVEN TO ELEVEN BOOK LOFT, 50 East Ninety-sixth Street, New York, specializes in a Mail Order Service for School and College people. New, old and rare books on all subjects promptly obtained.

LITERARY SERVICES

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY SCHOOL of Writing. *The Saturday Review:* "Needless to say, we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." *Theodore Maynard:* "The thing I like about the whole scheme is its eminent practicability." *Englewood Cliffs,* New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

SHORT STORIES, NOVELS, SERIALS, Stage Plays criticized, revised and marketed. Details on request. Clarke Wilton, Box 702, Hollywood, Calif.

STORY IDEAS wanted for photoplays, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY advisor, Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD BE sold? This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary adviser. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MANUSCRIPTS constructively criticized; revised; edited; typed. Market service. The Literary Studio, Box 53, The Saturday Review.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

TYPING MANUSCRIPTS—EXPERTLY, intelligently done. Pauline Resnikoff, 1400 Broadway (38th Street), New York. Wisconsin 1777.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS ON THE quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ORIENTAL

BOOKS ON THE EAST, Egypt to Japan; languages, religion, folklore, travel, history, belles lettres, native texts, rare manuscripts, art in all its phases, including ceramics and Oriental rugs, &c.; the only shop in America specializing in Oriental subjects; send for catalogues. Orientalia, 59 Bank Street, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT OF PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND RARE BOOKS supplied promptly and reasonably. Books bought. Fine Arts Book Service, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, Suite 409.

PRIVATE PRESSES

MODERN PRESS BOOKS. Bruce Rogers, Merrymount, Golden Cockerel, Nonesuch, Peter Davies. Advance orders solicited. Grolier Book Shop, 6 Plympton Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RARE BOOKS

THAT BOOK YOU WANT! We hold 1,250,000 of the best books—new, second-hand, out-of-print—all subjects. Books on approval. Also rare books; Sets of Authors. Send for Catalogue 86 (free), outlining requirements and interest. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

STORIES WANTED

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY (International), 107-11 S. Washington, Whittier, Calif. Copies 25c., $2.50 year, Canada $3.00, Foreign $3.50. Articles of discursive nature on literature, politics, international relations, science, education, all of general interest, 2700 words' length; biography to accompany. Payment on publication.

TYPOGRAPHY

EXCLUSIVE DEVOTION TO THE field of fine printing permits me to offer a complete service to collectors and students of printing. Books of all presses available. Lists on request. A. Leland Ziglatzki, 168 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

WANTED

WANTED: CHIVERS & COOGLER. Volumes by Gordon Coogler, the Carolinian laureate, and any items by or pertaining to Thomas Holley Chivers are being sought by a constant admirer. Write, quoting condition, publication date and price, to *LOUIS UNTERMEYER,* Elizabethtown, Essex County, New York.

SCHEDULES OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: For twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertions, 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BRYant 0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers* . 37 West 57th Street . *New York

The problem before the house this week was to write a column without mentioning a best-seller.

Just as this noble resolution took form, along came Messrs. LINCOLN Colcord and John Macrae with further manifestoes on *The Cradle of the Deep*.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES: (1) *The controversy on* JOAN LOWELL'S *yarn has skyrocketed the sales again, increasing them by precisely* 97.2 *per cent.* (2) *According to The Baker and Taylor Company, America's largest wholesaler of books exclusively, the best-selling* FICTION *book in the country is* THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP. . . . *According to most of the other dealers throughout the country the best-selling* NON-FICTION *book in the country is* THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP. . . . (3) *On some lists the non-fiction leader is* THE ART OF THINKING *and right behind is* BELIEVE IT OR NOT! *or* THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK—SERIES TWELVE.

William McFee writes as follows to *The Inner Sanctum* about *The Cradle of the Deep:*

"I personally do not see that you have any reason for backtracking in the matter of Joan Lowell's book. The type of mentality which is raising a ruckus over the meticulous details of Joan's story is too footling to worry about. I have thought you have been too timorous in attacking them. I take my stand with Heywood Broun in the NATION of April tenth.

"If Joan Lowell had had any intention of fooling the public as to her actual goings-on wouldn't you think she would have changed the names of ships and men? Would she have courted disaster by naming the MINNIE A. CAINE if she had wanted to tell a lie? She could have easily looked up the name of a vessel lost long ago or a vessel unreported. This is the veriest nonsense. The chief crime of which she has been convicted is that she has written a most entertaining yarn, much truer than the majority of us could manage if we wrote our own lives. I stick to my original contention in my letter to you when you asked me to express an opinion on the manuscript."

Felix Riesenberg has this to say about the most-discussed book in America:

"I see no reason why I should back water on what I originally wrote about Joan Lowell's 'Cradle of the Deep.' It is a remarkable book; the rumpus it has started is proof enough of that. I never regarded it as a treatise on seamanship. The author might very easily have engaged experts to straighten her out, if she was trying to put over a fast one.

"The book has authentic color and the assumption on which the story is built, be it cold fact or torrid fiction, is at least novel. I have sent the book to friends because I felt it would interest them."

—ESSANDESS

WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE
Publisher

is pleased to announce that he will distribute the Limited Editions of THE BOWLING GREEN PRESS, Inc., as hereunder:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE HOOKER LETTER
By William E. Barton $10.00

THE WORLD'S LINCOLN
By John Drinkwater 10.00

THE MAKING OF AN IMMORTAL
By George Moore 15.00

ON PROSE AND VERSE
By James Stephens 10.00

THE SILVER CAT AND OTHER POEMS
By Humbert Wolfe 15.00

THE CAPTIVE AND OTHER POEMS
By Walter de la Mare 15.00

AND ALL FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

Ready this Fall

THE SPY
By James Fenimore Cooper, 3 vols. Illustrated in colour by Wm. Cotton.

WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE
Publisher
475 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SEIDEL OVER TO HOBOKEN
New York's Last Seacoast of Bohemia

AFTER DARK, or Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow
OLD RIALTO, 118 *Hudson St., Phone Hoboken* 8088
Every Evening, Including Sundays, 8.30. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday

THE BLACK CROOK (Father's Forbidden Favorite)
LYRIC THEATRE, 39 *Hudson St., Phone Hoboken* 5733
Every Evening, Including Sundays, 8.30. Mats. Thursday and Saturday

Prices, 75c to $2.00. Please reserve well in advance.
HOBOKEN: Where Your Ship Comes In.
MORLEY — THROCKMORTON — MILLIKEN — GRIBBLE

WHENEVER we get to the office early to start the Phoenix Nest with the dew on it, so to speak, we get immersed in reading all the varied material that has accumulated on our desk, and don't get a darn bit of real work done! . . .

Whenever we get to the office about four in the afternoon and have to write the Phoenix Nest in half an hour, people tell us afterward that they almost enjoyed *that* one. We don't see why we should be praised for dilatoriness and the animation of despair and go completely unrewarded for promptitude and thoroughness. But that's life, isn't it,—that's life! . . .

This man *William Reydel* spends all his time catching us up on mistakes. However, we don't object, really. This column is dedicated to printing as much of the truth as we can get down on four pages of yellow copy-paper, and when we slip up we shall always fearlessly blazon our sins to the public. So, here's Reydel's last communication:

My dear Phoenician:

Gently, *Gently* . . . SIR!

You speak of the Kelmscott and Doves Presses as flourishing in England "at this time."

The last book printed at Kelmscott was finished on the 4th day of March, 1898, when "the trustees of the late William Morris" shut up shop.

And it was sometime in 1916 that Cobden-Sanderson wrote his famous epitaph:

> "To the bed of the River Thames, the River on whose banks I have printed all my printed books, I,
>
> THE DOVES PRESS
>
> bequeath The Doves Press Fount of Type, —the punches, matrices, and the type in use at the time of my death. And may the River, in its tides and flow, pass over them to and from the great sea for ever and ever, or until its tides and flow for ever cease; then may they share the fates of all the worlds and pass from change to change for ever upon the Tides of Time, untouched of other use."

Sometime later he actually did dump the types into the good old River, to make sure of its getting done. 1916 does date the last Doves Press book.

Twice in as many weeks. . . . My God, am I becoming a Corrector of the Press?

Cordially,
WILLIAM REYDEL.

Well, *that's all right, William.* Maybe you are. But you are distinctly informative. . . .

B. Virginia Lee, Managing Editor of *Famous Lives*, tells us we are all "wet" when it comes to *George Sterling's* profile.

How he hated that expression of Rose O'Neill's (which, by the way, it wasn't) is nobody's business. I must confess, however, that he carried about a postcard sent him from Europe (I believe Dreiser sent it) of an old Greek god, on which was the notation, "Looks just like you!" And George thought it did! Just as he thought the sketch by Bert Cooksley, which appeared in April *Famous Lives*, was the best line drawing that had ever been done of him. So there you are.

Ernest R. Trattner, who has already written "Unravelling the Book of Books," has certainly got an ambitious title for his next volume, which he is now completing, and which will be published by Scribners next year. He calls it "The Autobiography of God"! It is to present in popular form the whole story of theology. . . .

As you probably know, The Literary Guild recently inaugurated a Junior Literary Guild, three books to be chosen every month for three separate age groups, though they may be altered to meet the demands of subscribers. The groups are, A: 8-12, B: 12-16 (boys' books), C: 12-16 (girls' books). The first three books will be released on June eighteenth. . . .

We acknowledge receipt of the second number of *The Saturday Evening Quill*, the annual of The Saturday Evening Quill Club of Boston. This organization of writers is not composed of professionals, and all of the members are negroes. This number is dedicated to the memory of *A. Aloysius Greene*, who died at the age of twenty-three. The initial story, "Prologue to a Life," by *Dorothy West*, is not without power. The address of *Eugene Gordon*, the editor, is 32 Copley Street, Cambridge, Masachusetts. . . .

For Bobbs-Merrill *Juanita Tanner* has written a book with a title reminiscent of Shaw's recent volume. It is "The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy," an outline of possibilities in the experiment of life. It is both serious and humorous. Juanita Tanner is, of course, the daughter of *Ann Whitefield* and *John Tanner* in Shaw's "Man and Superman," but who she really is—or he is—we ourselves do not know. The book is to appear on June fourteenth. . . .

Which reminds us that the sad death recently occurred of the original "Intelligent Woman" of Bernard Shaw's book, "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism." She was—to quote *The Observer*, in London, "*Mary Stewart Cholmondeley*, and she was buried in the graveyard of the lovely little church in Edstaston, in Shropshire. Her husband, *General Cholmondeley* her cousin, *Admiral Sir Richard Webb*, and Mr. *Bernard Shaw* (she was Mrs. Shaw's sister) were among the mourners; and amid the flowers was a tribute 'From Charlotte and G. B. S.' It was at Mrs. Cholmondeley's request that the famous book was written."

Harper & Brothers report that among their popular writers, *Zane Grey* has returned to his Altadena home from an extended fishing cruise in the South Sea Islands region and around New Zealand, and plans to leave for Norway this month; *Rex Beach* has bought a winter home in Sebring, Florida; and *Rupert Hughes* came to New York recently from Florida *en route* to California,—Los Angeles, to be exact. . . .

Oh, yes, and *Fannie Hurst* is now in Hollywood helping direct "Lummox," which *Herbert Brenon* is making into a Talkie—out of the first inarticulate character, as Miss Hurst says, that she ever created! . . .

Longmans, Green have been telling us of *Lucie Delarue-Mardrus*, whose "St. Thérèse of Lisieux" they are publishing. This frank biography created a sensation in Paris. The Club de Faubourg made it the subject of discussion at one of its meetings and Madame Mardrus was called upon to defend her position before an audience of six thousand. She did so with distinction. She is to-day an outstanding figure in literary France, having to her credit nearly thirty novels and eight volumes of poetry, the first of which, published at the age of twenty, placed her in the front rank of the younger poets. But her very first poem, peculiarly enough, was written in English at the age of five. In Paris last month appeared a book of verse for children from her pen, "Poèmes Mignons." . . .

The Viking Press announces that *Dr. Benjamin C. Gruenberg* has joined its editorial staff. He will attempt to bring to the Viking list volumes on subjects formerly reserved for students which can be read with profit and pleasure by the intelligent man or woman and at the same time measure up to academic standards. For ten years Dr. Gruenberg was a lecturer for the New York Board of Education. He has taught at several well-known high schools in the city. He has been closely associated with the educational work of The Child Study Association of America, the American Association for Medical Progress, the Rand School of Social Science, and various other organizations. . . .

The Winter Wheat Press announces its first publication, "A Garland of the American Scene," by *Prentiss Taylor*, a group of present day poems and decorations in the 18th century manner, limited to 150 copies, numbered and embellished by hand; to be ordered from Prentiss Taylor, 1735 F Street, N.W., Washington, D. C., at seventy-five cents a copy, two for a dollar. . . .

THE PHOENICIAN.

DUFFIELD

MR. AND MESSRS. DUFFIELD & CO. are receiving congratulations on the American birth of **John North,** whose comedies of modern life are the London vogue. Both book and publishers are doing well, thanks.

PATRICIA LACKED A LOVER

now appears on the bookstalls, and Patricia is one to know! When life with her matter-of-fact husband, Robin, begins to pall, she, naturally, runs away—in Robin's beloved car. In further declaration of independence, Patricia heads for a business career and might have become secretary to glamorous Sir Quentin But complications arise. A reconciliation restores the car, at least, to the full standing of Robin's affections. $2.00

GOLD DUST

AN author new to America is **Edward Holstius,** whose GOLD DUST has already run into five English editions. The story largely concerns George Danecourt, attractive cad, who makes a business of homewrecking; of his devastating effect on the lives of two families, and notably on George Trafford, gentleman. The scene is for the most part laid in England, though the chapters on Trafford's business experiences in America — and the tragic consequences—are graphically told. $2.00

THE ROBBERY AT RUDWICK HOUSE

THE gay and ever inventive **Canon Whitechurch,** author of "A Bishop Out of Residence," "The Crime at Diana's Pool," etc., writes another mystery tale in which a churchman plays a prominent part.

Wm. Lyon Phelps, Scribner's:
"An excellent thriller."
D. L. Mann, Boston Transcript:
"Most delightful . . . much humor . . . well conceived mystery."
St. Louis Globe-Democrat:
"For once, a detective story with characters that charm." $2.00

YE all know **General Krassnoff's** "Double Eagle to Red Flag." In

AMAZON OF THE DESERT

the epic note of his political novel gives way to an idyllic chapter of Russian outpost life before the war —a thrilling romance of the wild Tien Shan frontier, its effect on a young army officer and the tumultuous, fascinating Fedossia—the Amazon. $2.00

BUCK FEVER

THE narrative and lyric poetry of **Henry Morton Robinson** is known to a multitude of magazine readers. *The New York Sun,* in reviewing this collection, says: *"Something of a triumph . . . when he deals with the visual and the objective, he is in full command."* $1.50

DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
200 MADISON AVE NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Christos and Chaos

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Most of R. D. Tompkins's letter in the *Saturday Review* of April 13 furnishes its own illumination. But when he says that in Greek the words Christos and Chaos have the numerical value 666 he goes into a field unfamiliar to most people; and those who are aware that a so-called "crank" often has odd points of genuine information are liable to suppose that he may be right here, especially as he appeals to fictitious "Christian commentators" as supporting him. Therefore, it should go on record in reply that the numerical value of Christos is 1480, the numerical value of Chaos is 871, and there is no way that either of them can be reduced to 666. The letters Chr alone make 700 before the istos is added in. If Mr. Tompkins had looked up the numerical values of the Greek letters in a Greek grammar for himself, instead of depending on some commentator whom he misunderstands, he would have saved himself from citing the commentator as authority for what the commentator never said.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

On Lorna Greene

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have been watching your columns for the review of a book which belongs in the "by-paths of literature," but which, for that very reason, may make a special appeal to some of your more inquiring readers. It is "Morning Moods," by Lorna Greene, recently published by the Century Company. This twenty-three-year-old daughter of Anne Bosworth Greene died suddenly and tragically a year and a half ago. She was a young woman of unusual promise, just beginning a literary career which would, it seems, quite certainly have been a brilliant one. Her mother has collected her verses and written, to precede them, a biographical sketch of great vividness and poignancy. The whole forms a "human document" which touches the heart and fires the imagination. Never having met mother or daughter, I personally now feel as if this little book had made them forever a part of my life.

The relation between them was beautiful—one of the rare fellowships of human experience. The freedom and zest of their life, known to us already through Mrs. Greene's books, permeate every page of "Morning Moods." How refreshing and stimulating to know that in this modern world of halfway measures, divided aims, hurry, and confusion, two people could live so singly and whole-heartedly! The pathos of the daughter's death will hardly bear thinking about. One must believe that it did not entail the sundering and cessation which are apparent. At any rate the mother has here snatched her back and saved her for us. In these pages she lives and laughs and sings. Most of her verses are pictures of outdoors and expressions of beauty-stirred moods. Though there is a longish narrative from Egyptian history. She had specialized in Egyptology at the London University, and in this line had there already made a name for herself. The quality of her thought may be felt in the following:

Love may pass me
As a flight of wild ducks
In the gloom;
The roses of youth may
Pass me,
If I may for one hour
Gather the silence of space
Into the fabric of my soul.

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY FAHNESTOCK.
Dorset, Vermont.

English Usages

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In a recent edition of your publication I read with considerable interest the letter which you printed beneath the very fetching caption: "Educational Quackery." As a consistent reader of your weekly, and as an English instructor of several years' experience in the Freshmen and Sophomore classrooms, I should like to make the following observations.

Let it be clearly understood that I heartily second Professor Leonard in the condemnation of the so-called week-end mail courses in good English. I think, however, that his attack on what he terms the "Purist" is not only unfair but illogical.

What are we to teach in the English courses? To quote some of the examples offered:

Who is it for?
I will see you later
Further (instead of farther)

According to the professor we have no sensible reason for teaching that these three expressions are wrong. The people use them. Therefore, since the people make the language, we should recognize the above as good usage. Only pedants, he tells us, take the trouble to use "Whom is it for," etc. Striving to arrive at some definite principle from which the professor argues, we can find but this: If the average person uses slovenly language, then let us escape the charge of affectation by speaking as the average person. Such a principle speaks for itself.

Fundamentally, as everyone knows, the best of our grammars are based upon what is considered good usage as embodied in the best writers and speakers. It would appear, then, that the instructor who adheres to the grammar is sensible, even if he be stamped a "Purist." One would not dare to teach, let us say, chemistry, as it is understood by the man in the street. Is the English language less worthy of discrimination?

As to the Professor's imaginary Purist Glossary, we sincerely hope that any individual undertaking such a work will display a more thorough knowledge of the Latin tongue than the sample forwarded by Professor Leonard!

PAUL G. CONWAY.
Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

Rear-Admiral Very

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of March 23rd, Mr. Robert K. Haas reviews "Suicide Battalions," by Captain Wendell Westover, and writes: ". . . and many a 'Veri' pistol flare is fired despite the fact that that device bears the name of its inventor, Lt. Samuel Very."

Lieutenant, later Rear-Admiral, Samuel Very had nothing to do with the invention in question. It was invented by his cousin, and classmate at the U. S. Naval Academy, Lieutenant Edward Wilson Very, who resigned from the service June 30th, 1885, and who was for years my friend and associate in the Hotchkiss Ordnance Company, in Paris. He was a man of exceptional talent and technical ability, and, like many inventors of universally employed devices, made but a few hundred dollars from his invention; it came into extended use many years after his death.

It may be interesting to recall that he contributed a goodly number of really fine sea stories to the *Saturday Evening Post*, stories well worth collecting and publishing in book form.

LAURENCE V. BENÉT.

James Ralph

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

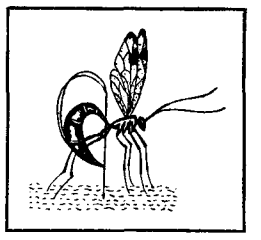
I am interested in James Ralph, the American hack-writer, who went to England in 1724 and wrote numerous poems, plays, and political pamphlets. Any help I might receive from eighteenth-century scholars would be welcome.

ROBERT W. KENNY.
Brown University.

Mr. Julian Green, says the London *Times*, is a strange phenomenon who prefers to write his books in French and have them translated into his mother tongue, but who is none the less preoccupied with the American scene and extremely well able to bring it before our eyes. His new book is nothing but a short story, "The Pilgrim on the Earth," and its godparents are Wilkie Collins, who has bestowed his method upon the child, and Edgar Allan Poe, who has dowered it with madness and frenzy.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise"

OUT of the romantic jungles of the Orient has come this story of insects to fascinate you and give you a new conception of man and his world in



MAJOR HINGSTON'S New Book

INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE

Major Hingston spent seventeen years in the entertaining company of beetles, ants, wasps, tarantulas, termites, bees, spiders and all that marvelous insect life which spawns over the tropics. He watched their customs and manners, their public and private affairs—home-making, housing difficulties, grocery problems, transportation systems, warfare and modes of government.

Instinct and Intelligence is the ripe fruit of those years, a rich story and not a dry pedagogical thesis.

In how far are insects mere machines? Are they capable of thought? Can they solve new and complicated problems? Numberless facts, intensely interesting of themselves, are set forth to show that insects have rudiments of intelligence, reason from cause to effect, adapt means to ends, imitate and learn from experience.

This account of their habits, mentality, and ways of life will hold you like an exotic novel.

The Most Fascinating Book of Natural Science Since Fabre

INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE

By MAJOR R. W. G. HINGSTON

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA APRIL SELECTION

At Your Bookstore Now ~ $2.50

Do You Know?

Ants have developed a species of insect cow which they herd and milk and protect in specially constructed barns.

Another species of ant does not trust its queens abroad at night. Policemen seize the errant sisters by the neck, hoist them in the air and march them back to the nest.

Locusts would flunk any intelligence tests. Ten million times ten million have been observed to plunge into the Euphrates River and drown because instinct made it impossible to change their line of march.

Some wasps are the world's most skilled anesthetists and have a knowledge of anatomy which our greatest surgeons would call uncanny.

Ants have a well-developed system of slavery. The slaves are kept indoors and made to do the household chores.

Through a kind of mistake in instinct, butterflies sometimes have illegitimate love affairs.

A kind of wasp penetrates an inch of bark and hard wood with a hair in order to lay her eggs in a grub. (See drawing above.)

COMMENTS *from the* PRESS

"Of the greatest interest and value . . . fascinating reading . . ."

"Insects seem fortunate in their chroniclers . . . Is there any other field of science that can boast of more good literature? . . . *Instinct and Intelligence* interested me . . . It is a delight to follow his reasoning."

"A remarkable study of the individual and community life of insects. Detailed and enthusiastic exposition of the drama of the insect world makes his volume a fascinating story of living activity."

"His book will have permanent value as a record of careful scientific observation."

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 FIFTH AVENUE ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

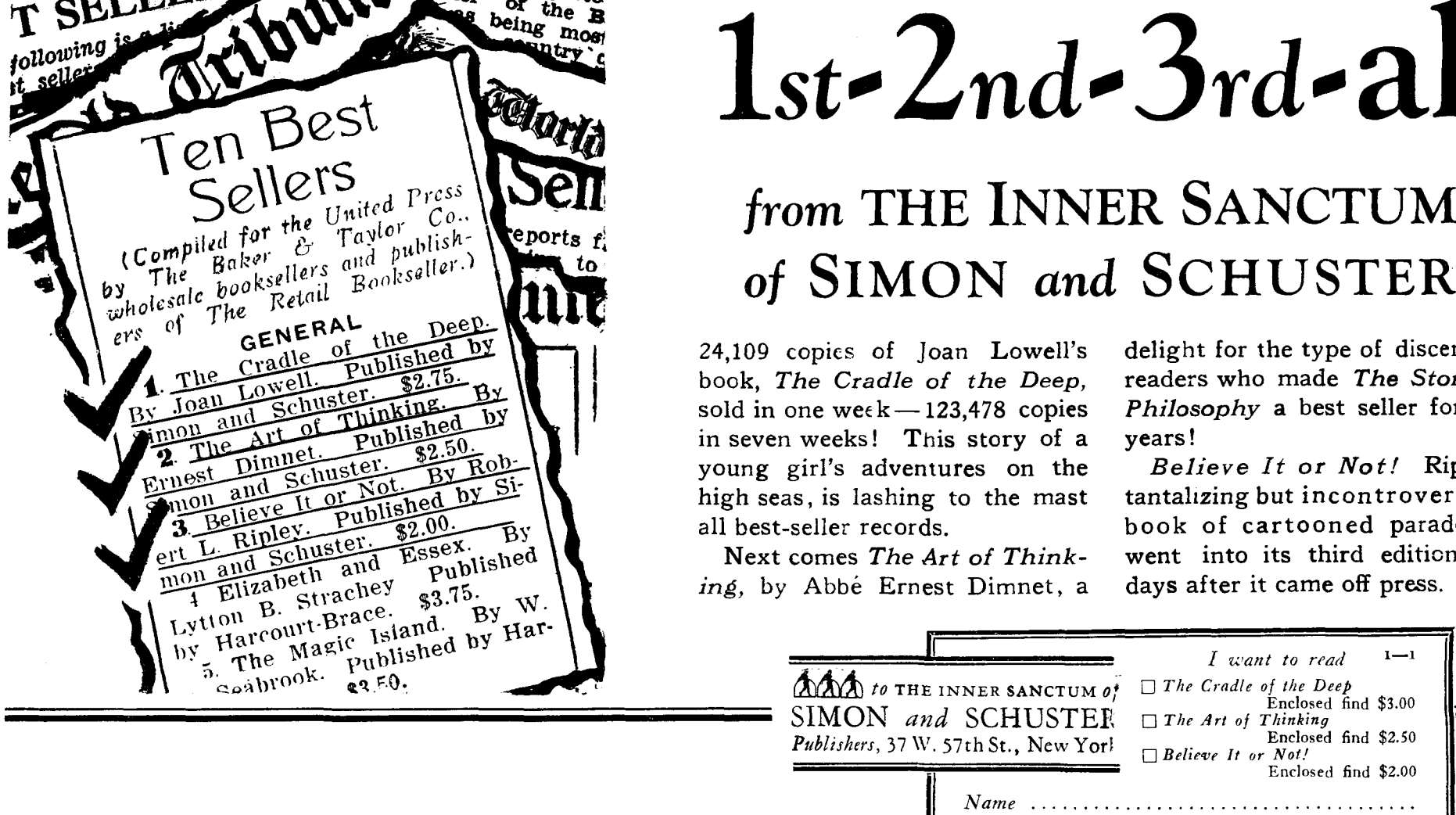
The story of a seafarin' girl who tells all.

America's latest rage, started by Robert L. Ripley, a modern Marco Polo—with proofs.

The book that put a kick in thinking.

THE WHOLE NATION IS READING THESE THREE BEST SELLERS

--Ranking 1-2-3 On All Lists from Coast to Coast!


The Six Best Seller
Tribune
Ten Best Sellers
(Compiled for the United Press by The Baker & Taylor Co., wholesale booksellers and publishers of The Retail Bookseller.)
GENERAL
1. The Cradle of the Deep. By Joan Lowell. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.75.
2. The Art of Thinking. By Ernest Dimnet. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
3. Believe It or Not. By Robert L. Ripley. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.00.
4 Elizabeth and Essex. By Lytton B. Strachey Published by Harcourt-Brace. $3.75.
5. The Magic Island. By W. Seabrook. Published by Har-
$3.50.

1st-2nd-3rd-all

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of* SIMON *and* SCHUSTER

24,109 copies of Joan Lowell's book, *The Cradle of the Deep*, sold in one week—123,478 copies in seven weeks! This story of a young girl's adventures on the high seas, is lashing to the mast all best-seller records.

Next comes *The Art of Thinking*, by Abbé Ernest Dimnet, a delight for the type of discerning readers who made *The Story of Philosophy* a best seller for the years!

Believe It or Not! Ripley's tantalizing but incontrovertible book of cartooned paradoxes, went into its third edition five days after it came off press.

to THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 37 W. 57th St., New York

I want to read 1—1

☐ *The Cradle of the Deep* Enclosed find $3.00
☐ *The Art of Thinking* Enclosed find $2.50
☐ *Believe It or Not!* Enclosed find $2.00

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED